

# THE CRITIC

## OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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## THE CRITIC.

## TO OUR READERS.

WITH the present number commences the SEVENTH volume of THE CRITIC. It is an important era in its existence. A journal that can boast its six completed volumes has passed the perilous period of youth, has escaped the diseases that beset the infancy of periodicals, and is admitted into the ranks of the established. With the respect and support that wait upon success much more than upon merit. We have lived down jealousy, rivalry, the not unnatural shyness with which advertisers and publishers look upon a young journal, and enter upon the new year with the honours of age, with a great and rapidly growing circle of readers, and with the daily increasing support and confidence of those important contributors to the prosperity of a journal—the publishers and advertisers.

And it is a satisfaction to feel that this has been obtained without any sacrifice of its independence on the part of THE CRITIC. Still it pursues the same plan with which it started.

The books sent for review are immediately transmitted to the contributors with no other instruction than this—"Please to return your honest opinion of it." We believe that in no single instance has partiality to publisher or author biased that judgment. The opinions which the critic passes upon books and art may be often mistaken, but they are always honest.

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## TO THE READERS OF THE CRITIC.

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"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—BUTLER.

## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## PHILOSOPHY.

*On the Relations of Free Knowledge to Moral Sentiment: a Lecture delivered in University College, London, on the 13th of October, 1847, as introductory to the session of 1847-8.* By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, Professor of Latin, and formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Taylor and Walton.

LECTURES are in general so flippant and shallow that we are glad to meet with a lecturer like Mr. NEWMAN, who has all the dignity and modesty, as well as all the learning, of the true scholar. He has not, as we conceive, viewed the subject, of which he professes to treat, in all its breadth, and from one or two of his leading propositions we are compelled to dissent. Nevertheless his pamphlet is singularly able, enlightened, and tolerant, and well fitted to excite a profounder attention to matters which are as little understood as they have been frequently discussed. It cannot be said to be eloquent, though it occasionally rises into something akin to eloquence; but the style is pure and elegant, with a certain sustained energy which is often better than eloquence. Its greatest defect, artistically considered, is a want of warmth—a defect which characterises nearly all the writers who have been brought up under what may be called Anglican influences. The main feature of Anglicanism is refinement, which, though exceedingly desirable when it can be obtained along with higher things, yet now and then conduces to the sacrifice of what is much more important than refinement. We detect in writers like Mr. NEWMAN a sort of intellectual hypocrisy, which gives us only half thoughts, and leaves the other half unuttered; not from a want either of conscience or of boldness, but from an excess of fastidiousness. If, therefore, Mr. NEWMAN has failed adequately to grapple with the various topics included in his lecture, we must not attribute this to any deficiency of grasp and comprehensiveness in his mind, but to a fastidiousness that shrinks from unfolding strong convictions in strong language.

The main question treated of in this production is, how far the diffusion of knowledge conduces to moral elevation and excellence in individuals and the community. The other two points discussed are, first, the effect of compulsory subscription to theological articles at the Universities on the character of the students; and, secondly, the advisableness of forced attendance at religious observances as a means by which the moral culture of the students may be promoted.

With all that Mr. NEWMAN has said regarding the two latter of these subjects we perfectly agree. To his observations on the first and chief subject we cannot give so hearty an adhesion. On each of the subjects we present our readers with a few miscellaneous remarks, without any attempt at fullness and elaboration.

That the compulsory subscription to theological articles must conduce to indifference and hypocrisy, and encourage a sophistical and jesuitical spirit has been often enough shewn. Apart from its influence on the individual student, however, it has an immense

and momentous effect in weakening the position of the Church of England. Many a noble soul is driven to adopt the ministry as a profession among the Dissenters, not from any love for dissent, or for what is called the voluntary principle, but from its abhorrence of the treachery to conscience which every one becoming a clergyman in the Anglican Church is compelled at the very threshold, and in spite of his better feeling, to commit. A truly catholic nature can have little sympathy for dissent; but it is repelled by the cold formalism of the Church, and still more by the despotism that would force it to trample on its most sacred convictions ere it can assume the office of a priest. Dissent may not be the best home for the intellect or the heart, but he who would be a faithful minister of the gospel cannot help choosing it as in some measure a sanctuary for the conscience. To reconcile conscientiousness with catholicity is the problem placed before the sects of this country. Whether any existing sect is competent to solve it is exceedingly questionable. The Church will never cease to manifest a species of catholicity, but a catholicity that will always seem like latitudinarianism, as being bought at the expense of moral truthfulness. It is to be feared that it will never be conscientious enough to respect conscience in others. Dissent will remain what it is, and what it has from the beginning been, the champion of conscience. But nothing leads us to think that its social and intellectual aspects and evolutions will ever be very different from what they are.

As for the effect of the forced attendance at religious observances on the moral character of the students at the Anglican Universities, instead of offering an argument, we shall state a fact. Of late years, how many shameful examples have we witnessed of clerical delinquency in the Church of England! Indeed, the examples have been so numerous as to have done more than anything else to bring the Church into disrepute. On the other hand, the clergy of the various churches established and dissenting in Scotland are unquestionably the most moral in the world. The difference is entirely attributable, we conceive, to the positions respectively occupied by the Scotch and English students at the Universities. The education of the English student at the University is entirely cloistral; he is continually under the eye of a spiritual police, which, of course, he is continually striving to evade and deceive. On the contrary, the Scottish student, from the moment he enters the University, is his own master. He is required to be within the walls of the University only during class hours, and the control of the Professors, and other collegiate officers, interferes with him no further than to require an efficient fulfilment of his class duties. He lives in the midst of the citizens, and never ceases to be a citizen. He is not compelled by college laws to attend religious observances; he worships his God where he pleases. The consequence of all this is, that he early acquires a deep feeling of responsibility, as well as a free, manly, and independent spirit. Religion retains all its freshness and spontaneity to his heart, because it has never been thrust on his unwilling soul as a task and a bondage. Hence, if he adopt the teaching of religion as a profession, he has none of the hireling's dispositions and habits, but is driven by a divine instinct to what he solemnly feels to be his vocation. We leave this fact to speak for itself.

The relationship of morality and intelligence, the principal subject of Mr. NEWMAN's lec-



ture, is one deserving the amplest examination and the profoundest thought. The true theory of the community as of the individual is that physical, mental, moral, and spiritual development should all be one. But the individual and society march slowly, very slowly, toward the realization of this divine unity. There are ages when, instead of approaching it, they seem for ever exiled from the path by which alone it is attainable. Such an age is our own. The different elements in man's nature seem at present to be hurled by some terrific and resistless necessity toward the most divergent points. The material has more sway than the mental; the mental contemns the moral and the spiritual; the moral and the spiritual scowl at each other. It is not that this is properly a sensual age, or inclined to a sensual philosophy. It is too weak to be sensual. Its passions are exhausted. It is not strong enough to doubt or to believe. One energetic, overwhelming passion would prove its salvation in the absence of a noble faith. A sensual age is an age of destructive fanaticism; a material age is an age of impotent fatalism. It submits to what happens not from the philosophy of resignation but with a sort of stolid acquiescence. True resignation is the grandest perception of God's law of order, and in its social and political form is the foundation of man's law of order. But the present age yields like a slave and a coward to the onrush of circumstances, yet without being resigned, and thus without rising to the sacred idea of a universal providence. The materialism of the age springs less from its dislike to spiritualism—for it has deep spiritual longings—than from the preponderance which machinery has obtained in arts and manufactures to the exclusion of manual labour, and from the rapid progress of the sciences which deal with matter and the physical universe in comparison with other sciences. The effect of the first of these things is to make men as mechanical as their occupations; of the second, to make a human soul and its noblest faculties seem of small importance when compared to a new chemical discovery. Now, as long as there is this disharmony between the different elements in man's nature—as long as the material occupies the chief place and tramples on the purely mental, and the mental tyrannizes over the moral and the spiritual, these two in their turn angrily antagonising, it is vain as it is false to talk of the diffusion of knowledge as necessarily leading to moral improvement. Where the material, the mental, the moral, and the spiritual march at the same rate, what advances each advances all. In that case the telescope could not pierce further and further into space without rendering man a wiser, a better, a more devotional being; the world of mind could not be more sublimely unveiled without giving light to man's scientific researches, guidance to his moral path, warmth to his religious emotions; his duties as a being working for time and eternity could not receive more of comprehensiveness, impulse, and elevation, without throwing a more wondrous beauty on the outward universe, without disclosing mental riches that had been hidden before, without making our attitude in the presence of the Infinite Creator humbler and holier; and religion could not come with profounder revelations to the yearning panting soul, without being the pioneer to fresh conquests in the material, the mental, and the moral. But till after the revolutions and reactions of ages, the elements of man's nature are restored to harmony, and march once more lovingly together, it is encouraging the most pernicious of delusions to trumpet so loudly the triumphs of sci-

ence. Man has always been great when he had a fervent faith, a strong will, a generous aim, or an enthusiastic inspiration. When he has these he can dispense with what in these days is so pompously called knowledge; when he has them not, the most extensive knowledge will avail him little, and will only be a magnificent torch lighting him to his sepulchre. We have millions of books, floods of periodicals, hosts of lecturers, crowds of literary institutions; are we better than the puritans, who had none of these things? Plant in a people's heart one single omnipotent conviction, and you do more for their redemption than by crazing their brain with a pestilential gabble about hydrogen and oxygen. We have plenty of pretentious praters to fashionable audiences, men retailing in fluent language ideas borrowed from MONTAIGNE, SWEDENBORG, the French and German philosophers, or their English imitators, as it may be; but men who act, and who teach their fellow-creatures to act heroically, this is what is needed. Great wonder is ever and anon produced when a new star is discovered; but the prophet, the star most wanted in these modern times, shines on with lustre unheeded. There is no hope for the world as long as a huge book about phonography excites more attention than those primordial truths which have ever been the life and the salvation of humanity.

#### HISTORY.

*Lectures on Ancient Commerce.* By J. W. GILBART, F.R.S. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE History of Commerce is the History of Civilization. In all ages, and in all countries, they have proceeded hand-in-hand, because the interchange of the products of nations produces an interchange of thoughts, and each enriches itself from the common store of all with whom it deals. The diffusion of knowledge is accompanied with an extension of mutual good-will, and when friendship fails, interest steps in to forbid a frivolous quarrel. Universal commerce will be the best guarantee for universal peace, the more especially now that people have learned that commerce between nations is not a matter of profit by one to the loss of the other, but a mutual gain, so that the absurdity of the "balance of trade," that fruitful source of jealousy and contention, has been swept from the phrase-book of statesmen, and lingers only upon the tongues of those who are too ignorant, or idle, or prejudiced, to sift the subject to its base.

Such lectures as these of Mr. GILBART could not, therefore, fail to interest a country so intimately associated with commerce as our own. Time was, even within our own memory, that the pursuits of commerce were looked upon with contempt, and a man was almost ashamed to admit his connection with them. There was an insane desire to rush into professions, or even into poor places, rather than to trade. All that nonsense has passed away. No man with a grain of sense is now ashamed to avow himself as belonging to the commercial class, which is filling the benches of the House of Commons, aspiring even to statesmanship, and taking the lead in the moral, social, and political development of the age.

The origin of Mr. GILBART's lectures is thus stated. "They were delivered at Waterford in the beginning of the year 1833. At that time I held the office of Manager of the Waterford branch of the Provincial Bank of Ireland. When residing in London I had assisted at the formation of the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, and was a member of the first committee of management, in the year 1825. At my suggestion an institution somewhat similar was formed at Waterford; and, as professional lecturers were not to be obtained, some of those gentlemen who had taken an active part in its formation, and others connected with scientific pursuits, consented to become lecturers. The example was set by the President, Thomas

Wyse, Esq. M.P. who, in his own locality, shewed the same zeal in the cause of education which has characterized his public exertions. A portion of my own labours in this way consisted of the following lectures on the history and principles of ancient commerce. At the close of the session Mr. Wyse delivered an address to the members, in which he made the following allusions to these lectures. That no undue responsibility may rest on Mr. Wyse, it is proper to state that he never read the lectures, but formed his judgment from having been present at their delivery:—

"But this was only a small portion of Mr. GILBART's important services. You have already heard me refer, in terms of merited eulogium, to the active part which he bore in the founding of our institution—an activity exceeded, if possible, by the intelligence, assiduity, and perseverance which he brought to its subsequent management; but, great as these contributions undoubtedly were, they were fully rivalled by his zealous literary support. There are few in this room who have not attended his excellent lectures on 'Ancient Commerce.' I feel what a train of agreeable and elevating associations I excite by merely mentioning their name. The judicious arrangement, the happy spirit of analysis, the discriminating selection and classification of facts, the wise deduction of principles, leading to views the noblest and loftiest, but at the same time the most practical and useful to society—all this, too, conveyed in language claiming the applause of the instructed, but not beyond the grasp of the ignorant—was not only a complete redemption of our original promises, but, I do think, the best practical illustration and most complete recommendation we could possibly offer of the pleasures and utilities of such institutions as this."

Mr. GILBART takes this opportunity to throw out an excellent hint. He proposes a College of Lecturers. It would be a most efficient method of instruction. He says—"The system adopted by that respectable body, the Wesleyan Methodists, with regard to their preachers, may teach us how a college of lecturers may be organised so as to supply the means of knowledge to every part of the country. The whole kingdom is divided into districts, called circuits. To each of these circuits from two to four or five preachers are assigned, who travel in succession to all the towns and villages in the district, preaching twice every Sunday, and several evenings in the week. These travelling preachers are assisted by the gratuitous services of local preachers, who are generally persons engaged in secular occupations. Why could not a plan somewhat similar be adopted with regard to the teachers of literary and scientific knowledge? Might not two or three professors be stationed in each of our county towns, and visit periodically the smaller towns in the district,—and might they not engage local lecturers to visit the neighbouring villages? If the lecturers were provided at the government expense, the people would readily find lecture-rooms and audiences, and thus a stimulus would be given to the public mind, and the means of instruction would be permanently afforded to our agricultural, manufacturing, and mining population. The establishment of a college of lecturers would not interfere with nor supersede any other means the Government may think proper to employ for the instruction of the people; while it would be free from those objections by which they are assailed. No religious body could object to a lecturer, appointed by the Government, giving lectures in their school-rooms once or twice a week upon branches of literature or science, wholly unconnected with either politics or theology. Such a measure too would probably lead to an improvement in the lecturers themselves. As the most learned theologian is not always the most popular preacher, so the most profound philosopher is not always the best lecturer. The talent for discovering or acquiring knowledge is distinct from the talent for communicating it. The art of lecturing is an art in itself. If public lecturers were appointed they would study that kind of composition adapted for instruction—would endeavour to acquire some of the graces of oratory—and would improve themselves by constant practice. We have training establishments for

school-masters and school-mistresses, why not for lecturers? It may be worthy the consideration of those who have the management of our literary and scientific institutions whether they should not take steps for bringing this subject under the consideration of the Government."

We cannot attempt to follow Mr. GILBERT through his elaborate and interesting review of the commerce of Greece, Carthage, Rome, &c. &c. He throws in many valuable suggestions applicable to our own times. Such as this on colonisation, arising out of his review of the mercantile system of Carthage. "At Carthage, the colonists were sent out by the state; and, in all cases, it seems desirable that the Government of the mother country should superintend the establishment of the colony. The resources of the new country should be explored—the places fixed upon where towns and cities are to be built, and roads, and other means of communication, accurately marked out. Such arrangements ought not to be left to individual caprice. It may materially retard the development of the resources of a colony if the towns are badly situated, or if the roads are badly arranged. It is a mistake to suppose, that in planting a colony you ought to send out the poorest, the most ignorant, and the most destitute of the population. If you send out people who have been accustomed to live on butter-milk and potatoes, and to reside in the same apartments as the swine, they will labour only till they have acquired the same necessities to which they have been accustomed at home; but if you send out people who are in comfortable circumstance—men who have been accustomed to have a kitchen and a parlour, neatly furnished—to have two or three suits of clothes, and to see their wives and their children dressed smart on a Sunday,—these men will not only improve the colony more rapidly by their superior knowledge, and by the little capital they may take with them, but they will also retain a taste for those comforts to which they have been accustomed; and as these comforts cannot be manufactured so cheaply in the colony, they will be obtained from the mother country. The best colonists, therefore, are those who are poor enough to be willing to work hard, and rich enough to have a taste for the comforts of life. The desire of obtaining these comforts will induce them to extend the cultivation of the colony, and the supplying of these comforts will promote the manufactures of the mother country, and thus create additional employment for the population at home."

Mr. GILBERT is the Manager of the London and Westminster Bank, and therefore his views of the uses of Banks and Banking are likely to be somewhat highly colored. There is, however, much truth, mingled with some fallacy, in the following:—

"Bankers are not merely lenders of capital; they are dealers in capital. They borrow of those who wish to lend; they lend to those who wish to borrow. The borrowing of capital is effected by the system of deposits. Not merely merchants and traders, but persons out of trade, noblemen, gentlemen, farmers, and others, have usually in their possession small sums of money, which they keep by them to meet their occasional expenses. When a bank is established in their neighbourhood, they lodge these sums of money upon interest with the bankers. Individually, they may be of small amount, but, collectively, they make a considerable sum, which the banker employs in granting facilities to those who are engaged in trade and commerce. Thus, these little rivulets of capital are united, and form a powerful stream, which propels the wheels of manufactures, and sets in motion the machinery of industry. Bankers also employ their own credit as capital. They issue notes, promising to pay the bearer a certain sum on demand. As long as the public are willing to take these notes as gold, they produce, to a certain extent, the same effects. The banker who first makes advances to the agriculturist, the manufacturer, or the merchant, in his own notes, stimulates as much the productive powers of the country, and provides employment for as many labourers as if, by means of the philosopher's stone, he had created an amount of gold equal to the amount of notes permanently maintained in circulation. It is this feature of our

banking system that has been most frequently assailed. It has been called a system of fictitious credit—a raising the wind—a system of bubbles. Call it what you please, we will not quarrel about names; but, by whatever name you may call it, it is a powerful instrument of production. If it be a fictitious system, its effects are not fictitious; for it leads to the feeding, the clothing, and the employing of a numerous population. If it be a raising of the wind, it is the wind of commerce, that bears to distant markets the produce of our soil, and wafts to our shores the productions of every climate. If it be a system of bubbles, they are bubbles which, like those of steam, move the mighty engines that promote a nation's greatness, and a nation's wealth."

Of the commerce of Egypt the lecturer has collected much curious information. Thus of its Imports, he says—"Nearly all the commodities consumed by the Egyptians, as articles either of food, or clothing, or lodging, were of home produce, and, consequently, did not give rise to any great amount of foreign commerce. There were, however, some customs among the Egyptians which led to a consumption of foreign commodities; such, for instance, was that of embalming the dead. I have stated that the Egyptians believed in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The word transmigration is formed of two Latin words, *trans* and *migro*. *Migro* means to move; *trans* means beyond; transmigration means to move beyond—to move from one place to another. Hence the transmigration of souls means the removal of souls from one body to another. This doctrine has another hard word—*metempsychosis*. This word is compounded of three Greek words, which, in the order in which they are combined, mean—again, in, soul—that is, the soul is in again. It is no sooner out of one body than it is into another. The Egyptians believed that on the death of a human being, the soul did not go into the body of a brute until the body had begun to decay—hence they embalmed it. The process of embalming consisted in introducing drugs and spices into the interior of the body. It was placed in a solution of saltpetre, for between two and three months. It was then taken out, and wrapt tight round with linen, dipped in some chemical solution. The external air was thus excluded from touching any part of the body. Bodies thus preserved will remain undecayed for thousands of years. The drugs and spices used in this process were not produced in Egypt, but were brought from India, either directly, or by means of Arabia. The merchants of Arabia dealt in these commodities, and hence the spices were called spices of Arabia, though, in fact, Arabia did not produce the spices, but imported them from India. The imports then of Egypt consisted of timber, metals, drugs, and spices."

One of the most curious customs of the ancient Egyptians was their sitting in judgment on deceased debtors. Mr. GILBERT gives an extremely amusing account of this:—"The Egyptians had a funeral tribunal, by which the dead were tried before they could be buried. After death, every Egyptian was brought before this tribunal, and, if convicted of having in his life acted unworthily, he was denied a place in the burial-place of his ancestors. This was a great disgrace to his family; and, according to the Egyptian theology, it deprived the spirit of the deceased of an entrance into heaven. One of the things which caused the infliction of this mark of disgrace was that of dying in debt. If, however, the children or friends of the deceased should pay his debts, as they sometimes did, he was allowed to be buried. Such an institution as this must have had a powerful effect upon the conduct of the people in their commercial transactions with each other. A man who knew that every act of dishonesty, unfair representation, falsehood or trickery, which he might practice in the course of business, might be remembered and uttered, to the disgrace of his family, over his dead body, would be cautious not to give occasion to such a procedure. As we have no exact information with regard to the mode of trial, we may, perhaps, be allowed to picture to our imagination the form of the proceedings. Let us suppose it was somewhat like this:—

An Egyptian merchant dies—the day arrives for the investigation of his conduct. The hall of judgment is thronged with citizens; the body, followed by a long train of mourning relatives, is brought in, and placed in the midst; the judges take their seats, and the whole assembly is hushed into silence. An officer of the court proclaims,—“If any of you know any just cause or impediment why the body of our deceased fellow-citizen should not be committed to the grave, ye are now to declare it.” A voice—“I object to the burial, for I often had dealings with the deceased, and I never could depend upon his word.” Another voice—“I object to the burial, for the deceased attempted to injure my character, in order to get away my customers.” A third voice—“I object to the burial, for he lived at a most extravagant rate, when he knew he was unable to pay his debts.” A fourth voice—“I object to the burial, for he made over his property to a friend, and then took the benefit of the insolvent debtors’ act.” The judges rise and exclaim—“Enough! Enough! Take him away! Take him away! You may throw the body to be devoured by the beasts of the field, or the fowls of the air; but never let the earth be polluted by receiving into its bosom the worthless remnant of so vile a man.” These passages will suffice to recommend this volume to the attentive perusal of our readers.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Adventures of an Angler in Canada, Nova Scotia, and the United States.* By CHARLES LANMAN. London. Bentley.

AN Angler's experience in any country is always pregnant with interest. Let him but wander for a week among the Highland glens, rod in hand, and he will fish out of them materials for a delightful magazine essay of a dozen pages. How much more amusing, then, must be the adventures of one who has whipped the waters of the New World, and who discourses of scenes and circumstances altogether strange to us.

In candour, we cannot say that the Angler in Canada has made the best of his glorious opportunities. We expected a better book—with more of freshness and real *adventure* about it. We also regret to find it full of attempts at fine writing, unpleasing in every species of composition, especially so in sporting narratives, whose greatest charm lies in a simplicity suited to the subject. With this exception, the volume is an acceptable addition to the chronicles of sport, as two or three brief extracts will shew. As, for instance, his description of

#### VERMONT.

Of all the towns which I have ever seen, Burlington in Vermont is decidedly one of the most beautiful. It stands on the shore of Lake Champlain, and from the water to its eastern extremity is a regular elevation, which rises to the height of some three hundred feet. Its streets are broad and regularly laid out, the generality of its buildings elegant, and its inhabitants well-educated, refined, and wealthy. My visit here is now about to close, and I cannot but follow the impulses of my heart, by giving my reader a brief account of its principal picturesque attraction, and some information concerning a few of its public men. As a matter of course, my first subject is Lake Champlain. In approaching it from the south, and particularly from Horicon, one is apt to form a wrong opinion of its picturesque features; but you cannot pass through it without being lavish in its praise. It extends, in a straight line from south to north, somewhat over a hundred miles, and lies between the states of Vermont and New York. It is the gateway between the country on the St. Lawrence and that on the Hudson, and it is therefore extensively navigated by vessels and steam-boats. It is surrounded with flourishing villages, whose population is generally made up of New Englanders and Canadians. Its width varies from half-a-mile to thirteen, but its



waters are muddy, excepting in the vicinity of Burlington. Its islands are not numerous, but one of them, Grand Isle, is sufficiently large to support four villages. Its scenery may be denominated bold; on the west are the Adirondac Mountains; and at some distance on the east, the beautiful Green Mountains, whose glorious commanders are Mansfield Mountain and the Camel's Hump. Owing to the width of the lake at Burlington, and the beauty of the western mountains, the sunsets that are here visible are exceedingly superb. The classic associations of this lake are uncommonly interesting. Here are the moss-covered ruins of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, whose present occupants are the snake, the lizard, and toad. Leadens and iron balls, broken bayonets, and English flints, have I picked up on their ramparts, which I cannot look upon without thinking of death struggles and the horrible shout of war. And there, too, is Plattsburg, in whose waters Commodore McDonough vindicated the honour of the Stars and Stripes of Freedom.

A single adventure will suffice:—

#### SALMON FISHING.

My first salmon expedition of the season was to the St. Margaret river. I had two companions with me; one an accomplished fly fisher of Quebec, and the other the principal man of Tadoussac, a lumber merchant. We went in a gig-boat belonging to the latter, and, having started at nine o'clock, we reached our place of destination by twelve. We found the river uncommonly high, and a little rily. We made a desperate effort, however, and threw the line about three hours, capturing four salmon, only one of which was my privilege to take. He was a handsome fellow, weighing seventeen pounds, and in good condition; he afforded my companions a good deal of fun, and placed me in a peculiar situation. He had taken the hook when I was wading in swift water up to my middle, and as soon as he discovered his predicament, he made a sudden wheel and started down the stream. My rod bent nearly double, and I saw that I must give him all the line he wanted; and having only three hundred feet on my reel, I found it necessary to follow him with all speed. In doing so, I lost my footing, and was swept by the current against a pile of logs; meantime my reel was in the water and whizzing away at a tremendous rate. The log upon which I depended, happened to be in a balancing condition, and, when I attempted to surmount it, it plunged into the current and floated down the stream, having your humble servant astride of one end, and clinging to it with all his might. Onward went the salmon, the log, and the fisherman. Finally, the log found its way into an eddy of the river, and, while it was swinging about as if out of mere malice, I left it, and fortunately reached the shore. My life having been spared, I was more anxious than ever to take the life of the salmon which had caused the ducking, and so I held aloft my rod, and continued down the stream over an immense number of logs and rocks, which seemed to have been placed there for my especial annoyance. On coming in sight of my fish, I found him in still water, with his belly turned upward and completely drowned. I immediately drew him on a sand bank near by, and, while engaged in the reasonable employment of drying my clothes, my brother fishermen came up to congratulate me upon my success, but laughing in the meantime most heartily.

We conclude with the very interesting account of

#### THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

The Habitans are the most numerous, and so peculiar in their appearance and manners as to attract the peculiar attention of travellers. The men are usually tall and slender, of sinewy build, and with a dark brown complexion; the girls are black-eyed, and disposed to be beautiful; while the women are always dumpy, but good-looking. Their dress is similar to that of the French peasantry; the men wear the old-fashioned *capote* on their heads, every variety of fantastic caps and hats, and on their feet a moccasin made of cow-hide; the women wear

jackets or mantelets, which are made of bright colours, and on their heads either a cap or a straw hat, made in the gipsy fashion. Occasionally they make an effort to imitate the English in their dress, and at such times invariably appear ridiculous. As a class, they are devoted principally to agriculture; but as their opportunities for obtaining instruction are exceedingly limited, their knowledge of the art of husbandry is precisely what it was one hundred years ago. They seem to be entirely destitute of enterprise, and tread in the beaten steps of their fathers. They who live in the vicinity of Montreal and Quebec, generally supply those markets with vegetables; but those who reside in the more obscure parts seem to be quite satisfied if they can only manage to raise enough off their farms for the purpose of carrying them through the year. They are partial to rye bread, and never consider it in a cooking condition until it has been soured by age; and their standard dish, which they make use of on all occasions, is a plain pea-soup. The consequence is, that the pea is extensively cultivated. You seldom find a farmer who is so poor as not to be able to sell from five to fifty bushels of wheat, and this article he appropriates to the same uses that most people do their money. Their plough is distinguished for its rudeness, and their farming implements generally would not be creditable even to a barbarous people. If an individual happens to have a stony field, the idea does not enter his head that he might build a fence with those very stones, and the consequence is, that he piles them in one immense heap in the centre of the field, and draws his rails a distance of perhaps two miles. But with all their ignorance of agriculture, the Habitans are sufficiently careful to make their little farms yield them all the necessities they require, particularly their clothing and shoes, their candles, soap, and sugar. There are but few professional mechanics among them, and the dwelling of the peasant is almost invariably the production of his own individual labour. Their houses are distinguished for pictorial beauty, always one story high, and generally neatly whitewashed. Their cattle are small; and, owing to their neglect in feeding and protecting them, are exceedingly poor. Their horses are nothing but ponies, but distinguished for their toughness. The Habitans are partial to the luxury of riding, and their common vehicle is a rough two-wheeled cart and occasionally a calash. The turn-out which I employed for travelling in the settled parts of Canada was a fair specimen of the class: the cost of the horse (four feet and a half high) was twenty dollars, and the cart (made entirely of wood) was four dollars. My coachman was a Habitan, and, in driving over a hilly road on a certain day, I had a fine opportunity of studying the conflicting traits of character which distinguish the race. Whenever he wanted his horse to go fast, he pulled the reins with all his might, and continued to utter a succession of horrible yells. He invariably ran his animal up the hills, and deliberately walked him down. When angry at his unoffending beast, he showered upon his head a variety of oaths, which might be translated as follows: "infernal hog!" "black toad!" and "hellish dog!" and yet, when the animal was about to drop to the ground from fatigue and heat, he would caress him, and do every thing in his power to restore the animal and ease his own conscience.

#### FICTION.

*Now and Then.* By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Author of 'Ten Thousand a-Year.' Edinburgh, 1848. Blackwood and Sons.

THE impression left upon the mind of every reader of "*Ten thousand a-year*" was that of admiration of the head, but detestation of the heart, of the writer. It was a brilliant, but wicked book. No other term in our language will so correctly describe its character. It was a deliberate libel upon all who dared to differ in opinion, religious or political, from SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., F. R. S., Barrister-at-law. It was not the unconscious effusion of a mind, narrow and prejudiced by nature and education, candidly expressing its honest but mistaken

views of things; from beginning to the end it was a weapon forged "with malice aforethought," but with wonderful dexterity and skill, for the purposes of the foulest party and sectarian warfare, and done, too, with an affectation of sanctity, a hideous mockery of regard for the religion, whose precepts were violated in almost every page.

In any man such an exhibition of rancorous hate and narrow-minded illiberality would have been disgraceful. Doubly so is it in the case of Mr. WARREN, whose furious zeal on behalf of the church shews with an ill grace in the son of a dissenter; it looks so much like an attempt by a convulsive effort to convince the world that he is not what his father was; that he has really abjured the chapel, and that nothing of the hereditary taint belongs to him; just as we see an apostate invariably the most abusive assailant of the principles and party he has quitted, as if he feared that but for this extra-zeal his new friends would doubt the sincerity of his change.

If this was not Mr. WARREN's motive in *Ten thousand a-year*, there remains but one less excusable, and which we should be loath to attribute to him—the design of basing a claim to party services in return for this pandering to the vilest uses of party. To one or the other of these Mr. WARREN is amenable, for it is plain from all that he has written that he is too sensible a man to feel the prejudices he professes. It is proved also by the very different spirit that prevails in the fiction before us, which is, in every respect, unexceptionable, and as creditable to his feelings as it is honourable to his intellect.

The story of *Now and Then* is in itself simple, and stale. It has been repeated in various forms in more Magazines and Novels than we can enumerate. It is in the telling of it that Mr. WARREN has shewn his mastery of the art of fiction. With few incidents and a narrow circle of characters, the interest is sustained throughout, and so completely is the reader's fancy charmed that it is difficult to convince himself that after all it is only a dream. It takes its place in the memory like an experience of real life, and will live there, bright and fresh, long after many of the facts of the world shall have faded away and be forgotten.

The story is of one ADAM AYLIFF, a yeoman, who has been brought to poverty by misfortune. Innocently he receives a hare from a friend, is charged with poaching, tried, and punished. His landlord, the Earl of MILVERSTOKE, has a son, Lord ALKMOND, who is soon after found murdered in a wood. The young AYLIFF is through a series of strongly suspicious circumstances charged with the crime, apprehended, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. But two persons are firmly convinced of his innocence, his father, a farmer of the ideal old English school, whose character is conceived and sustained with consummate skill, and Mr. Hylton, the clergyman of the place, another fine creation of Mr. WARREN's pen, the minutest traits of whom are delineated with an elaboration that amount almost to a mental anatomy.

The good priest goes to London, obtains a respite, appeals to the throne, excites an interest in the King's mind, and procures from his Majesty a reprieve in spite of the objections of the Secretary of State. The convict is transported for life. He leaves a deformed son behind him. The clergyman continues his care to the child, who exhibits great abilities and sends him to Cambridge in a sizarship. There he obtains high honours. Just at this time, a poacher in the neighbourhood dies, confesses himself the murderer, and the father is restored to his family and happiness.

The moral of this tale, as intended by the author, is confidence in the Justice of Providence, and that innocence will be vindicated in this world.

But to us the tale seems to point a much more obvious moral. It cries out, also, trumpet-tongued against capital punishment, which nothing can justify but the assumption that the judgments of human tribunals are infallible. Doubtless many ADAM AYLIFFS have been hung; but if it be barely possible that one such case could occur, it would be sufficient to condemn a punishment which admits neither of retraction nor reparation, be-

sides being a public violation of the very sanctity of life for which it is professed to be established.

All of true christian spirit that was wanting in *Ten thousand a-year*, is to be found in *Now and Then*. It is difficult to believe that the same mind could have conceived them, although the same pen is manifest in every page of the composition. Age and experience have wrought a wondrous and beneficial change in Mr. WARREN's temper. He now looks upon men as a christian and philosopher; formerly he could view them only as a sectarian and partisan. The results are such as might have been anticipated.

The volume before us will be read and loved when its predecessor has passed into oblivion. The latter pondered to the prejudices of the moment, the former is for all time; partly inspired the one, nature the other.

Our limited space will admit but of two passages, although we might extract many equally exhibiting the author's powers of description. We take first the scene of

#### THE MURDER.

"On the occasion last mentioned—namely, that of the military demonstration at the castle, Mr. Hylton happened to be returning home from paying a visit to a sick parishioner. His walk lay for upwards of a mile along the outskirts of the wood. It was about ten o'clock, and the night calm, but gloomy. With what ravishing sweetness came fitfully towards him the sounds of bugles and French horns! He often stood still to listen; and while thus engaged, heard the report of a musket, evidently fired in the wood. Then there was another report. 'Oh, ho!' thought he, as he resumed his walk homeward, 'the rogues think they have found an opportunity!' He was somewhat surprised, a few moments afterwards, at the music abruptly ceasing, in the midst of a well-known national air; and, unless his ear deceived him, he heard the faint sound of human voices, but evidently at a considerable distance. His experience as a magistrate suggested to him a solution of what he had heard—viz., a collision between poachers and the keepers. Just as he had reached the parsonage gate, which was not till some half hour after he had heard the suspicious sounds in the wood, a horseman came galloping up the road which he had just quitted, and which led on to the park gates of the castle. A moment afterwards, and a dragon in undress uniform thundered past him at top speed. 'What's the matter?' hastily called out Mr. Hylton, but received no answer; the soldier had either heeded or heard not, and was quickly out of sight. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed before other similar sounds from the same direction brought Mr. Hylton suddenly out of the parsonage down to the gate, when he saw a groom coming along at full gallop. 'Stay, stay a moment! What has happened?' called out Mr. Hylton, loudly. The man did not slacken his pace, but, as he passed, shouted hoarsely, and evidently in desperate agitation, 'Oh! murder! murder!' And, indeed, an astounding and horrifying event had occurred within the last quarter of an hour. How shall it be written? Lord Almonde had just been murdered in the wood! And at the moment of Mr. Hylton's asking the question the bleeding body of the young peer was being carried into the castle by two dragoons, who trembled violently under their lifeless burden. By the time that Mr. Hylton, greatly agitated, had got into the village, all its startled inhabitants were at their doors, or standing in groups in the street, conversing so intently together that they scarcely observed a troop of dragoons, fully armed, galloping past them towards the park gate of the castle. Within a few minutes afterwards, a portion of them galloped back again faster than before, following a person in plain clothes, who appeared to be leading the way for them. Woeful to relate, their errand was to Ayliffe's cottage; which they reached a few moments after young Ayliffe had sprang into it, nearly striking down the door as he entered, reeking with perspiration, with horror in his face, breathing like a hard-run hare, and glaring blood-stains on one of his arms. His father, who was sitting beside a small candle, reading the Bible, shrunk from him, against and speechless; and young Ayliffe was uttering some incoherent sounds in answer to his father's inquiries, when the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard; and the next moment four dragoons, carbine in hand, entered the cottage, while others remained outside around the door with swords drawn."

The other is a highly dramatic sketch of the supposed interview between the King and the Secretary of State. The good clergyman had written

an earnest letter to the King, which his Majesty received after he was in bed. The narrative proceeds thus—

#### THE REPRIEVE.

"His Majesty instantly got out of bed, and, after hastily glancing over the letter, directed Lord Farnborough to be sent for forthwith, and to bring along with him all the papers he had or could lay his hands on relating to Adam Ayliffe, then lying under sentence of death for the murder of Lord Almonde. His Majesty had paced his chamber many times very impatiently before his astonished minister arrived; for the latter had had to go from his private residence, where he also was in bed, to his office, in order to get the documents required by the king, and had experienced great difficulty in finding them; all the clerks and others being, as might well be supposed, out of the way. Immediately on entering the king's antechamber, Lord Farnborough encountered his Majesty; who in a bluff way begged him to be seated at a table, duly furnished with lights and writing materials; and then the king requested to hear the whole facts of the case, to which he paid great attention. When Lord Farnborough had, in his usual terse and emphatic fashion, put his Majesty in possession of his, Lord Farnborough's, view of the case,—assuring his Majesty, with expressions of profound respect, that a clearer case for hanging there never had been, if justice were to be any longer administered in the country,—his lordship appeared confounded when the king said, very thoughtfully, that he was by no means so clear on the subject as seemed his lordship, and in fact felt so uneasy on the matter, being one of life and death, that he could not return to bed without deciding one way or the other. Lord Farnborough assured the king that he need feel no anxiety whatever on a matter which was exclusively within the province of his ministers. 'Why, look you, my Lord Farnborough,' quoth the king, somewhat hastily and sternly, 'suppose you and I differ on this matter?' 'Please your Majesty, we are your Majesty's sworn responsible servants.'—'So, so, because you are my servants, my Lord Farnborough, I am to be your puppet, eh?—to register your decrees, *nolens volens*? By those that begot me, and those before me, but I will show you otherwise! Look you, my lord, and all of you that serve me,—I am set over my people to protect them, and am answerable for them to Him who set me over them; and if it cost me my crown, look you, as I must answer for it hereafter, I won't see the humblest creature calling me king deprived of his life, even though according to law, (which can't give back life taken wrongly,) if I in my conscience do verily doubt whether he ought to die.' Lord Farnborough said something rather faintly about a constitutional monarchy.—'Ay,' said the king, catching the word, 'but I am also a conscientious king, my lord. My advisers may be impeached in parliament if they give me evil advice; but I have to answer to the King of kings; and none but a king can tell a king's feelings in these matters. God Almighty only knows what I suffered some half a year ago in a matter of this sort—eh, my lord? What say you to that? Have you forgotten it?' 'Not at all, please your Majesty; but I take leave humbly to represent, sire, in the matter now before your Majesty, that your Majesty has no discretion herein, but must allow the law to take its course.' 'I won't, I won't, my lord! There are features about this case that I don't like; and, in short, I shall not have this man die. Transport him for life, if you please; then if we be wrong, he may return; but—there are paper, pens, and ink; pray, my lord, let it be done instantly, for time is precious; I will put my hand to it now—and then methinks I shall sleep soundly till morning.' 'Pardon me, sire,' began his lordship, with an air of vast deference.—'No, no! not you—I have nought to pardon you; 'tis another I mean to pardon.'—'Sire, this is really one of the plainest cases of guilt.'—'Did you not say the very same thing to me, my lord, on the occasion I have just spoken of?' inquired the king very solemnly; 'did I not then say I had doubts? but I yielded to your *certainly*, my lord! and what followed?' 'Please your Majesty, we are all frail; all human institutions are liable to error.' 'Therefore,' said the king quickly, 'ought we longer to doubt in matters of life and death, my lord?' 'I do assure your Majesty that this interference of your Majesty will give great dissatisfaction.'—'To whom? where? why?' inquired the king sternly. 'What is that to me, when my conscience is concerned, who have sworn an oath, when God Almighty placed my crown upon my head, to cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all my judgments? Who swore that oath, my people or I? I did; and with God's assistance, I will keep my oath. And as for my people, they are a brave and

virtuous people, and won't obey me the less because I will not again let any one die on a gibbet hastily." Lord Farnborough remained with his eyes very seriously fixed on the king, and his pen in his hand, which hung down by his side. "Let it be done, my lord," said the king peremptorily; and his minister obeyed.

#### *A Plot and a Peerage.* London, 1843. Tegg and Co.

A TALE contained in a small volume; but which, small though it be, we have found it a task to wade through. The work is throughout a tissue of inconsistencies; the plot, if plot it can be called, is ill-constructed and abounding in improbabilities; the incidents unnatural, and the characters without life or individuality. We rise from the perusal without one distinct idea of any thing we have been reading.

We had some thoughts of presenting our readers with an abstract of the plot, but found the thread of the narrative so difficult to trace through its unmeaning wanderings, and tiresome, pointless episodes, that we abandoned the idea, as leading only to a waste of time upon their part, as well as upon our own. The author evidently imitates the style of DICKENS, but like most imitators, gives us only a distorted shadow of the original, from which all the beauty—all the life and soul has disappeared, and which we only recognise by a certain feeble copying of the outward form—the *mannerism*, which in the original was perhaps a blemish, but which like blemishes even, in a work of genius, bore the unmistakable impress of its parentage, all trace of which has vanished in the copy. In short, the author of *A Plot and a Peerage* completely mistook his vocation when he set to work to write fiction, for which he does not possess one qualification. We therefore counsel him to employ for the future the ability and the leisure he may chance to possess in some more profitable manner.

#### *The Waverley Novels.* Vol. II. *Waverley.* 1843. Cadell.

SCOTT's novels have passed beyond the province of criticism—their permanent fame is established; there is no person who would not desire to have them in his library. In our record of the progress of publication we have no other duty to perform now than from time to time, as new editions appear, to make known to our readers their peculiar merits and attractions.

The *Waverley Novels* have been offered to the public in a variety of forms, but in none that, upon the whole, is so useful for reading and for the book-shelf as the re-issue just commenced, of which this, although the second volume of the series, is the first that has reached us, an omission which spoils the set, but which we presume to have been accidental. Its size is duodecimo; it is neatly put up in cloth boards; it has a beautiful engraving of "Hollyrood," with a vignette of Edinburgh Castle, and the type is clear and agreeable to the eye; not too small for any age. Two volumes comprise one novel, and they are sold at a price we are not permitted to name here, but which, on reference to the advertisement which appeared in our columns about three weeks since, will be found to be remarkably cheap.

By-the-bye, we would hint to Mr. CADELL the propriety of republishing the *Pictorial Edition* of the *Waverley Novels* in volumes of the size of the present one, and at a moderate price. It would be more attractive than in its octavo form, and doubtless enjoy a very large sale.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

##### *Madeline: a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By RICHARD BEDINGFIELD. London, 1847. Mitchell.

THIS tragedy is founded upon occurrences, supposed to have taken place in modern domestic life. Waving the question as to whether the familiar circumstances of the society by which we are surrounded furnish materials adapted to the tragic muse, Mr. BEDINGFIELD at least has been wholly inadequate to perform the task of fashioning for them a work of art.



*Madeline*, the heroine of the piece, learned and beautiful, but haughty and unfeminine, is attached to *Lord Erpingham*, who for a time had been equally devoted to her. Abroad, however, he meets with her cousin *Ada*, *Sir Henry Cleveland's* only child and heiress, and to her he transfers his affections. The tragedy opens at the time of their return to England. At *Lord Erpingham's* request, but for what good purpose we are at a loss to discover, except it be to suit the author's convenience, or with what semblance of probability we leave our readers to say, their engagement is kept a secret till the day of their union. Tempted and urged by *Alford*, an unprincipled villain, and the family physician, who has a passion for her, and desires to gain along with her her cousin's inheritance, *Madeline* poisons *Ada* on her wedding-day, under circumstances which would leave an absurd suspicion anywhere except in fiction. There had evidently been no coroner's inquest. *Sir Henry Cleveland* goes mad at the loss of his daughter, whilst *Madeline* also becomes nearly insane with remorse for her crime and its consequences. *Alford* now urges his suit, the scene being, somewhat strangely, the grave of the murdered *Ada*. He threatens *Madeline* with being in possession of her secret; she speaks of taking her own life, but instead of fulfilling the threat, stabs him upon the grave of her other victim. He finds time, however, ere he dies, to write upon his tablets an accusation against *Madeline* of the two murders she has committed. This deed is given by the dying man to mad *Sir Henry*, who does not, however, comprehend its import. The family come to the conclusion that some robber has perpetrated the murder, and seems to rest satisfied in the belief that time and justice and God will reveal the criminal. Meanwhile *Lord Erpingham's* somewhat feeble affections revert to his first love, who consents to become his wife, provided her uncle should recover his reason, which he does quite *apropos*. She is married on the same day as her younger sister, who, upon being presented with some deeds by her uncle, finds among them *Alford's* fatal accusation. At a brilliant banquet, she demands of *Madeline* to know if it be false. The latter confesses her guilt, and closes her career by committing suicide.

This excessively improbable plot is not redeemed by originality, by beauty of sentiment, or by natural conception of character. The language is inflated—much sound, and little sense. Altogether, it is a very poor production; and although, in the course of our critical duties, we have met with works meriting much greater condemnation, still it is not one upon which we can conscientiously recommend our readers to bestow either their time or their money.

*The Eventful History of Mrs. Slam's Trip to Italy.*  
London: Lane.

THIS brochure has something of the easy versification and quiet humour of *BARHAM*. It is illustrated by clever sketches from the pencil of a Mr. *ANDREWS*.

#### EDUCATION.

*Divine and Moral Songs for the Use of Children.*

By *ISAAC WATTS*. London, 1848. Van Voorst. THE simplicity of *WATT's* Divine Songs have recommended them to universal use in the nursery and school-room. They have been published in almost every imaginable form, and illustrated by a multitude of artists, from the caricatures of nature that were the best adornments of the books that delighted and instructed the days of our own boyhood to the steel engraving of the present more tasteful era. But complete justice has never been done to these excellent compositions by an artist of repute until the publication of the volume before us, which introduces *WATT's* Songs, printed in the form and with the adornments of "the annuals," handsomely bound with gilded leaves, and illustrated with no less than thirty drawings by the congenial pencil of *C. W. COPE*, A. R. A. which have been engraved on wood in his best manner by *JOHN THOMPSON*. Each of these drawings is, as

might be anticipated from the artist's name, a very gem, so that the volume is really recommended to the inspection of eyes of all ages. The effect of the familiarity with art, produced by such books as these, upon the minds of the rising generation, must have important consequences in the character of those who are to succeed us. The golden age of art is yet to come; but it is already dawning.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell on the mis-government of Ireland.* By A FRIEND TO BRITISH CONNECTION. London, 1847. Hurst.

THE design of this well-reasoned and powerful essay is to shew the necessity for the immediate abolition of the Lord Lieutenant and Local Government. It is, we believe, pretty generally conceded that this functionary is of little practical service, and more frequently produces dissatisfaction than otherwise, and often is an impediment rather than a help to the due execution of the law. But the argument could not have been urged at a more unfortunate season than now, when the Lord Lieutenant is a statesman of uncommon capacity and vigour, and has secured the confidence of all parties, and has shewn peculiar aptitude for the conduct of Irish government. As a general rule, there is no doubt that our author is right. Lord CLARENDON is almost a solitary exception, and institutions should be based upon the ordinary, and not the extraordinary, circumstances of society. They who would understand the facts and master the arguments should consult this pamphlet, where they will find them condensed with uncommon ability.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Family Jo Miller; or, Drawing-Room Jest-Book.* London, 1848. Orr and Co.

A BRIEF biography of *Jo*, whose renown has so far exceeded his deserts, introduces the more laugh-inspiring contents of this volume to the Christmas merry-makers. MILLER was an actor of some celebrity in his day, and the writer of this memoir has carefully collected all that contemporary records, chiefly play-bills, have preserved of his public career. His death was thus announced in the papers of the time—"Yesterday morning died *Jo MILLER*, comedian, of merry memory. Very few of his profession have gained more applause on the stage, and few have acted off it with so much approbation from their neighbours." The epitaph upon his tombstone runs thus: "Here lies the remains of *Honest JOE MILLER*, who was a tender husband, a sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent comedian. He departed this life the 15th day of August, 1738, aged 54 years."

The *faciæ* collected in this elegant little volume are selected, with much taste and discrimination, from a vast variety of sources, ranging from honest *JOE's* volume down to the latest joke of the present season. Everything coarse, vulgar, or indecent is carefully excluded, and it really deserves its title of a *Family Jo* and a *Drawing-Room Jest-Book*. To shew the wide range of research, and to minister somewhat to the Christmas amusements of our readers, we select a few of the best.

A WEARY ROUND.—Jekyll, the witty lawyer, on visiting Colman the younger, when the latter took up his abode in the Temple, looked around the apartment to see if his young friend were comfortably established. He was amused on observing one particular article of embellishment, namely, a cage with a squirrel, who was performing the same operation as a man in the treadmill, or a donkey in the wheel. He looked for a minute or two at the little animal, and then quietly observed, "Ah, poor devil! he is going the Home Circuit!"

Every one will be reminded on reading this of *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, whose dress *Horace Walpole* described as consisting of a groundwork of dirt, with an embroidery of filthiness. An intimate friend in Paris who was expostulating with her on the extreme dirtiness of her hands, when she replied, "My hands? ah, if you could only see my feet!"

One other elegant anecdote, and we wash our hands of this uncleanly subject.—Dr. Wall once at a dinner party very unwisely persisted in playing with a cork in such a manner as displayed a hand long divorced from the lavatory. One guest happened to express his surprise to another, and in too loud a whisper exclaimed, "Heavens, what a dirty hand!" The doctor overheard, and turning sharply round said, "Sir, I'll bet you a guinea there is a dirtier in the company!" "Done," replied the first, sure of winning. The guineas were staked; and the doctor shewed his other hand. He was judged to have won without a dissentient voice.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.—"Then there is a picture drawn of a clergyman of 130*l.* per annum, who combines all moral, physical, and intellectual advantages; a learned man dedicating himself intensely to the care of his parish; of charming manners and dignified deportment; six feet two inches high; beautifully proportioned; with a magnificent countenance, expressive of all the combined virtues, and the ten commandments!"

AND ON THIS:—But substitute for him an average, ordinary, uninteresting minister; obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured or good-natured; neither learned nor ignorant; striding over the styles to church, with a second-rate wife, dusty and deliquescent, and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread and butter. Or let him be seen in one of those Sham-Ham-and-Japhet buggies—made on Mount Ararat soon after the subsidence of the waters; driving in the High-street of Edmonton, among all his pecuniary, saponaceous, oleaginous parishioners.—*Sydney Smith on the Church Commission.*

It was said of the late Mr. Bell, of the chancery bar, that he wrote three several hands—one of which no one could read but himself; another which his clerk could read and he could not; and a third which nobody could read.

A MODERATE DINNER.—The *carte* of a forthcoming dinner at the Clarendon was discussed in the presence of the late Earl Dudley. "My wants and wishes," he said, "are moderate in such matters. I consider a good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor—when he can't get a better."

MODERN LOCOMOTION.—"Railroad travelling," says the Rev. *Sydney Smith*, "is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a *Solon* goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar-boy. The early Scotchman scratches his forehead in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The puseyite priest, after a rush of 100 miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast table of his bookseller. Every thing is near, everything is immediate; time, distance, and delay are abolished."

FEMALE LOQUACITY.—Jean Paul says, that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt" to her troops, would do it somewhat in this wise:—"You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you, as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be; don't you hear me? halt, I say, all of you!"

"I SAY!"—Dr. Sharp, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing everything he said with the words *I say*. An undergraduate having, as the doctor was informed, mimicked him in this peculiarity, he sent for him to give him a jobation, which he thus began:—"I say, they say, you say, I say, I say!" when finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding the young satirist begone to his room.—*Grose's Olio.*

ONE SHILLING EACH.—An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to *Toler*, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice Norbury, expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling?" said *Toler*; "only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea; go and bury one-and-twenty of them."—*Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon.*

A LONG DINNER.—Mr. Hay, afterwards Lord Newton, one of the judges of the Court of Session, was equally remarkable as a bacchanal and as a lawyer. It was of him that the famous story is told of a client calling for him one day at four o'clock, and being surprised to find him at dinner, when, on the client saying to the servant that he had understood five to be Mr. Hay's dinner hour, "Oh, but, sir," said the man, "it is his yesterday's dinner!"—*Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh.*

SURPRISING FACT.—When *Sheridan's* finances were at the lowest ebb, and his credit had long va-

nished, he was met in Pall Mall by a friend with a new pair of boots. "Who has been the sufferer?" was the natural question. "No one," replied the wit. The other mentioned many of the ingenious expedients of mystifying tradesmen in vogue among men about town, and by Sheridan in particular. "It is of no use," rejoined the latter. "You may guess till you are dumb, and you will not hit upon the way in which I obtained these excellent understandings." "Then I give it up." "Well, to solve the puzzle," explained Sheridan, "I paid for them."

**CACOTHES LOQUENDI.**—Sidney Smith said of the ex-M.P. for Edinburgh, that all he wanted to make him perfect, was a few brilliant flashes of silence.

"NO!"

No sun, no moon!  
No morn, no noon—  
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day—  
No sky, no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—  
No road, no street, no t'other side the way—  
No end to any row—  
No indications where the crescents go—  
No top to any steeple—  
No recognitions of familiar people—  
No courtesies for shewing 'em—  
No knowing 'em—  
No travelling at all, no locomotion,  
No inking of the way, no notion—  
No go, by land or ocean—  
No mail, no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
No park, no ring, no afternoon gentility—  
No company, no nobility—  
No warmth, no cheerfulness—no healthful care,  
No comfortable feel in any member—  
No shade, no shiae, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
No—vember!—*Thomas Hood.*

**ELEGANT SIMILE.**—A Yankee editor says, "The march of civilisation is onward—onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass towards a peck of oats!"

**THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.**—"What do you mean to do with K?" said a friend of Theodore Hook, alluding to a man who had grossly vilified him. "Do with him?" replied Hook; "why, I mean to let him alone most severely."

**A PLEASANT VALEDICTION.**—Before the Bishop of New Zealand departed, Sidney Smith, in taking leave, affected to impress upon his friend the dangers of his mission. "You will find," he said, "in preaching to cannibals, that their attention, instead of being occupied by the spirit, will be concentrated on the flesh; for I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard." In shaking hands with the new prelate as he was leaving the house, the reverend wit added, "Good-bye. We shall never meet again; but let us hope that you may thoroughly disagree with the savage who eats you."

**"SIMPLE NATURE'S HAPPY CHILD."**—"May I be married, mamma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "Married!" repeated the astonished mother. "For what reason?" "Why, ma, the children have never seen a wedding—I think a marriage might please them."

**"MIGHT BE."**—"Might your name be Smith?" said a lout to that oddest of odd fellows, Jernie, of Philadelphia. "Yes, it might; but it aint by a long chalk."

**Essays.** By THOMAS M. LESTER, late of King's College, London. London, 1847. Aylott and Jones.

HAD we been asked to supply an appropriate title to these *Essays*, we should have denominated them *Rhapsodies or Ravings*. The author harangues on various subjects: such as the Bible, music, churchyards, theatres, &c.; but his reflections upon each and all of these are mere bombast, which, when applied to the most sacred subjects, seems to us to border on irreverence. With tautological grandiloquence he thus ushers his work into the world:—

Now we deposit, we lay this volume at the foot of the golden heaven-beloved Cross, and crave the quickening sunlight gleams of the Holy Spirit; we beg, we supplicate, we pray; and should but one gem-drop, one ray, one streak of the Immaculate's brightness play upon its pages, we are happy, we are thrilled. Go, then: *work, teach, edify!*

Such is the command Mr. LESTER has laid upon his *Essays*, but we fear they will execute their mission but indifferently. What they teach we confess ourselves at a loss to discover. In short, the whole volume is the most perfect specimen we ever beheld, of transcendental nonsense. For the edification of our readers, we take a passage at random.

The Bible brings the message of peace; spreads love; flowers over the earth its beauteous plant; gushes forth with earnestness and vigour upon the world, to pour out its balmy influence. It will not deluge, like a Charles of Sweden, with a savage, rapacious, monstrous, malignant, bedlam-like ambition, a people in blood; roll in triumph over a nation's liberty; crush a people's sacred enjoyments, and lay them under an imperious yoke of servile tyranny, subjugating them and enchainning them to his heavy car, making a football of a kingdom's peace. Such a disparaging fiend-like thought become extinct! Sink thou with a dizzy fall into the realms of eternal darkness! Thou art not the dweller even of sinful earth; thou breathest out detrimental, scathing, scorching sulphur, as the volcano of Etna makes sport with destruction,—thou, thinking lightly of havoc, revelling with eager delight in the roaring awfulness, engulfing of the near and far-off inhabitants!

Does the reader think we have been too severe?

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*Reminiscences of Scenes and Characters in College.* By a Graduate of Yale, of the Class of 1821. New Haven: A. H. Maltby.\*

THIS book is a sugar-coated pill—a gentle laxative, if not a powerful purgative, for mentally dyspeptic young men, compounded, doubtless, by one of the (not Medical) Faculty. From the writer's familiarity with Scripture, and his hortatory smoothness of style, we judge him to be a clergyman; from the freshness of his Latinity, his frequent reference to text-books, and the precision of his arithmetical, algebraic, and chemical metaphors (*e.g.* pp. 61—63), we infer that he is a professional teacher; from his interest in the otherwise half-forgotten minutiae of the college system, and the place of this book's publication, we surmise that he is at present connected with Yale; from the neatness and grace—the well-brushed, well-fitted, buttoned, and polished appearance of his thoughts, we pronounce him a "gentleman and a scholar;" from his conversational ease in the use of language, we make no doubt that he is a communicative, pleasant-minded companion in the parlour, cabin, or car.

The title of the book suggested only a dashing novelette, detailing the imaginary adventures of a roystering genius like Frank Webber in *Charles O'Malley*; or, at worst, the last attempt of a hard-pushed author; or, at best, the first essay of a recent graduate, ambitious of authorship, and still fond of delighting his country cousins, and astonishing his mamma with the mysteries of college life—especially with those embellished legends, claimed by every college and every class; as how the chapel-bell, being filled with freezing water, on a biting winter night, haply overturned on the perpetrator's head; how the President declared the goose, discovered in his official chair, a competent lecturer, and so withdrew; how he outwitted the pilferers of his poultry; how the sign-board was burned, and the apposite text of Scripture concerning a "sign" was introduced, to the confusion of the excluded officers; how the heated cannon-balls were rolled down-stairs to the sorrow of the vigilant tutor, &c. &c.; not to mention the divers traditional tricks played off on surly neighbours and simple market-men; or those criminal thefts, gun-powder plots, and destructive whims, which, out of college walls, would subject a man to the handcuff or halter, but, committed by those within its learned precincts, are excused as the necessary efferves-

cence of congregated youthful minds, and punished only with rustication or expulsion.

But what have we here? No "Pirates' Own Book" of anecdote, nor yet an erudite treatise on education, but just such a rambling volume of condensed common sense, interspersed with incident and wholesome pleasantry, as the author—a man of the world, as well as of books—could best devise for his dignified purpose. Throughout, it is healthy in sentiment, pure in style, just and liberal in its conclusions. No narrow course of study, no bigoted line of conduct, is marked out for the undergraduate; the simple conclusion of many grave matters is modestly thrown out; the residuum of half a century's observation gracefully suggested. It is no formal "student's manual," with the obvious air of a "I am a self-made John Todd; you are a young man; now, sir (with an admonitory forefinger, or a pat on the shoulder), a word in your ear, my friend." It is rather the expressed feeling of a hale, hearty alumnus, who, walking the City of Elms after twenty-five years' absence, overtaking a student, and interlocking arms, pours forth his brimming recollections of "Old Yale," together with the thousand quiet comments—the spontaneous, not gratuitous, bits of advice which an accomplished civilian and Christian may be supposed to gather from his own reflection, and long attrition with the jostling world. We have read the little volume through, and we like it; and we like the man, for, in accordance with his rules of style, he has given us just enough of himself—the man, without much (nothing intentionally) of his professional prejudices. He is a conscientious, but liberal gentleman, with catholic tastes; we doubt not he has read *SHELLEY*, *BYRON*, and *HOOD*, though he takes his mottoes, and makes his quotations, from *COWPER* and *THOMSON*. He loves a medium, and, on most points, succeeds admirably in hitting between wind and water—in hauling neither too close on the wind, nor bearing too much away.

There are some sensible remarks, on page 15, concerning excessive preparation for college, which will equally apply to a too early and protracted one. It is the unluckiest moment of more than one urchin's life, when, at the frolicking age of seven, having got the sing-song inflections of certain Latin nouns and verbs in one's head, by overhearing others recite them, we suddenly astonish our friends by reading off whole declensions of "musa," "hic," and "amo;" from that hour the little pedant is forced to personate a childish cobbler, with a Latin grammar for a lapstone, or a plaster cupid gazing intently on a plaster book, making really no more progress for years than the first could be supposed to make in geology, or the last in literature; of course a hearty disgust is conceived for all books, including even those fairy tales, adventures, and travels, which are as much the proper food for small people, as tops and hoops are their suitable implements, instead of saws, spades, and ploughs. Such an unfortunate being seldom awakes to the necessity of thoroughly fitting himself for college; or if, a year or two before that long anticipated event, he does arouse to the work, he may well say with *Æneas*—"You renew my grief, O Queen." He has slept away his childhood over unsuitable books, and will sleep away his collegehood over the same, when the proper time to study them has come; and, besides, having never had time and encouragement to exhaust the glorious fields of choice, juvenile romance, he has still the ungratified yearnings of a child, and will plunge indiscriminately into the sea of popular fiction.

Happily there is now a growing conviction that a boy ought never to look into a Latin or Greek grammar or lexicon, until two or three years before he enters the university; then he will take them up freshly, and with a zest that will outweigh any minor disadvantages of postponing so long his direct preparation. We want no drilling Blimbers and idiotic Tootses—no more of the obsolete "hot-house system." There are natural and successive transitive states of the growing mind. There is, first, the age of impressions—of fleeting images, when the jumbled words of Mother Goose's Melodies are as good as anything; nay, even then the imagination—that most divine faculty—may be

\* From the *Literary World*, the American Critic.



nourished, as well as quickness of perception, which is the first power to be acquired; the infant eye may be taught to "glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," as it, in fancy, follows the old woman "sweeping the sky," the cow jumping "over the moon," and the man "into a barberry bush;" then comes the period of pure fancy (the brain being still too weak to tax the memory much), and the child should wander at will in all the Arcadian scenes of romance, and load itself with the wealth of all beautiful things; let the *Arabian Nights*, *Gulliver*, &c. be the text-books—afterwards veritable travels and biography. As youth dawns and advances, and the wayward fancy of childhood gives place to higher thoughts and stronger power of retention, history and poetry will best meet the intellectual want; thus, a world-wide curiosity being in a measure sated, and thought awakened, it will be time enough to unfold the necessity and use of drier and severer studies—to enter on language and the middle branches of mathematics, taking it for granted that common school-books have been mastered, at any time during the long previous period. The end—the use of things must be, to some extent, seen and felt before the means—the indispensable disciplinary branches of study, can be appreciated; and it is better that reflection and fancy be germinated before, than simultaneously with these; the attention will be less diverted. Until they are more or less developed, the body is an animal—nothing human but the form; and an animal cannot be a true linguist or mathematician, however it may learn to reflect "dead vocables," as CARLYLE calls them. This animal, when at last born in college, of course makes a desperate dive for the libraries; before that it might as well have been a quadruped, and ate grass. Nor need it be feared that the mind will become dissipated in childhood by light reading; at worst, better be it dissipated, than have none to dissipate; or first get one at college, to become so afterwards. Let children be children, and then men will be men.

This then would be our successive genesis of mind, were there room to develop it—first perception, then fancy, next memory, and lastly reason—an order that is exactly inverted as far as our observation goes; children, universally, are made to begin as philosophers and come out in the end fools.

The same remarks will apply to the study of the sciences. It is the boast of our day that the child is familiar with the results of a life of philosophical investigation—that a school-boy is wise as NEWTON. Everything is simplified; Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, and Mental, Moral, and Natural Philosophy are taught in nice little primers. But has not many a man regretted that he ever heard of theologies—the sciences, before he took up OLMSTED, LYELL, STEWART, and UPHAM? All the freshness of a new field of knowledge is gone, before he comes to his academical and collegiate *vade mecum*: and a conceit of knowledge is generated, where, in fact, the "outlines" and "elements" are not at all mastered. The prevailing system in common schools and academies may be well enough for those who are not designed for the university; but for those who are, we beg that everything come in its own order. Let not an infant be required to "stand up and tell the gentleman what he knows;" let it tell what it sees and hears; let the child tell you a story—the youth what of men and things he has read; in later youth, let him conjugate and translate; let the junior talk of sciences, and the senior analyse, generalise, and grow exceeding wise concerning "the will," "volitions," and "subjective and objective states." There is a time for everything. Above all there must be time for physical development; and that a strong manhood be knit and hardened, it matters but little, comparatively, what finds lodgment in the head. In urging the foregoing considerations, our chief point is, that such a range of thought be opened to the mind as may be homogeneous to its years and the distinguishing capacity of its several periods; not a higher range, however it may be lowered and simplified to the comprehension. And perhaps the soul's own sentiment, if left free and supplied with the means,

will direct better than any formal system. There may be more uniform and universal education at this day, but it is doubtful whether many minds are now suffered to expand into their full stature and native proportions. We "grow" them, and therefore do not let them grow.

In connection with this subject, we have a thought or two on systems of reading in college, to which topic our author also adverts, contenting himself only with condemning omnivorous novel-reading, and suggesting no course for others to follow; we are glad he does not. We have known several exemplary young men who, from boyhood, religiously followed a line of reading prescribed by some benevolent parent, guardian, or pastor, and, afterwards, by a professor or president; and sure we are it extinguished every spark, if ever they had any, of elasticity, liberality, and originality. They are now not producers, nor hardly manufacturers of thought, though moving in professional life; mere buyers and sellers of second-hand ideas, they cannot swear that they have a soul of their own. We cannot look at them as living men of flesh and blood, but only as walking broadcloth satchels filled with "Index Rerum" and "Elegant Extracts;" and we are, every moment, in nervous expectation of seeing their buttons fly off, and the whole effigy of a man tumble into a ruinous heap of text-books. There are only two legitimate ways to read; one is to read up, or "cram" on some subject, concerning which the curiosity is excited, or the individual intends to write; the other plan (and it must be followed in all odd hours) is, to have no plan, but *browse* upon the printed leaves. In both of these ways, and these only—will the ideas of an author "bite in" the mind, and remain fixed, like an etching on a copper-plate; and by the last mode, especially, will thought be fused and become incorporated with the mind, so as to be "living and ductile" the mind's own. A bare course of reading does not excite the mind's activities; only fills it with lumber.

On page 39, we find that, twenty-five years ago, *Paley's Moral Philosophy* was used as a text-book simply to afford the President an opportunity of shewing his dexterity in refuting its ludicrous errors; he must have a man of straw to knock over. This diverting gymnastic exercise was still kept up in a New England college four years ago, and, possibly, yet. President Wayland's work was used only as a reference-book. On this principle, why not use the Koran or Shaster in a theological school, or the *Blue Laws* in a law school, as a part of the course, referring only to the Bible and Blackstone?

In his chapter on "Moral Influences," the writer says, "I would respectfully suggest, here, to be entered among the numerous, and, for the most part, stereotype questions, which the young gentlemen used to discuss at college, whether obedience to just and reasonable authority, parental, civil, military, or collegiate, and true honour, or genuine high-mindedness, are conflicting ideas?" This recommendation, in the present crisis of "Human Progress," might well be extended to village lycæums, newspaper editors, reform societies, state legislatures, Congress, and the whole American people; as also the solution of a kindred question, on page 112, "Whether the poor should be provided for by law, is a deeper question, both in civic economy and in morals, than most people are aware of;" but a student made a "short method" of it in the following argument: "The poor may be divided into three classes—the Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and the poor devils. The Lord will take care of his own poor; the devil's poor do not deserve to be supported; the poor devils may shift for themselves. Therefore, the poor ought not to be provided for by law."

Writers on rhetorical delivery tell us, with one consent, that we must speak *naturally*. But saying this, they proceed to treat the subject as if it were an art, to be acquired by rules, rather than a talent, to be exercised as nature directs; and they give us numerous and minute directions for the attainment of a good style of delivery. You find in their books the various passions and emotions with which eloquence

is concerned, described at length, for the benefit of the learner; together with plates and diagrams to teach him attitude and gesture. Thus, a drooping head denotes grief and shame; thrown back or shaken, it signifies dissent, or negation; the hand thrown forward, or inverted, repels; laid on the breast, it appeals to the heart, or conscience; wonder opens the eyes, and lifts the hands; this emotion demands a rising slide of the voice; that a falling one, and so forth. These descriptions may be all very correct, and agreeable to nature; though I doubt if any two individuals, acting quite unconsciously and naturally, ever express the same emotion in just the same manner. However this may be, nature does these things *impromptu*, and in her own expressive way, provided they be left to her; but it is certain that art and memory will make but awkward work of them.

\* \* \* But what, definitely, do rhetoricians mean by a natural style of delivery? They must, or should mean, a manner natural to the individual, and not a certain way of speaking that is natural in the abstract, or in general. There is no such thing as a certain uniform manner natural to all men. What is natural to one would not be to another. Did ever two men walk, act, sing, or speak, alike? \* \* \* I do not mean that every man's ordinary, or actual manner, is his natural one. Alas! no; but what I suppose and mean to say is, that nature has fitted each man, as to his organs, intellect, and heart, to express himself in one manner, rather than in another; and that, thus speaking, he speaks naturally.

There is much truth in this; the best rule in conversation, personal address, gait, and carriage, is to be unassuming, spontaneous, natural, and faithful to self. It is a great mistake to think of hiding one's real character by acting at a borrowed ideal, instead of acting out one's individuality; it will be a burlesque at least. We have seen good people from the country carry such an excessive air of indifference and knowingness in a city or large village, that no one could mistake them, were there no other signs of rusticity; and we have seen otherwise sensible young ladies and gentlemen apparently soliloquizing to themselves, "Now I will be artless and gushing!" or, "Now I will be waggish and quizzical!" or, "Now I will be dignified and reserved—all men shall take me for a wise one of few words!" And so, unless perfect in the art, it is equally futile for a speaker to set out with the intention of being here tender, there sublime, and there sarcastic in his manner. He is transparent in his adroit plots, like Captain Cuttle. But we think our author has not put his caveat strong enough; there is danger of leaving the impression that a natural manner will come of itself, without long, earnest attention to the subject. Nothing can be further from the truth, in the general. It requires almost the study and practice of a life to secure a natural, impressive style of delivery. There is hardly one young professional man in a hundred who is tolerable in this respect; he either falls short of eliciting attention, by under-acting, or overleaps himself in some ridiculous affectation that certainly excites a sort of attention. True art is the best nature—the only nature; a man is not himself, but only a "straddling, forked animal," until he is pumelled, pumiced, and polished down, drawn out, and developed.

The "Reminiscences" before us call up many of our own; gladly would we dilate upon them, or make extracts from these. College and collegians may dwindle to the eye, like a steeple and rooks, or a station-house and runners, as we shoot along the after-track of life; but it is the fondest scene of recollection—a "classmate's" is still the most eloquent face to be casually encountered. There is nothing like college; nothing that will take its place; and we would not have a jot of it abated—not even its dashes of whimsicality. We have marked a few characteristic anecdotes from this tasteful duodecimo of college memorabilia.

#### NOVEL-READING MONOMANIACS.

It is a pity that the trashy literature of the day should find readers within the walls of a college; yet it is thus that some spend too much of their valuable time. As an instance of this, I am going to repeat here a great story. A graduate of Harvard told me that, during his college life, he read three thousand volumes of fiction. "Three thousand!" you exclaim; "impossible! he must have said three hundred." Three thousand, he assured me; and his

veracity is unquestionable. Nor did the evident regret with which he spoke of it admit of any motive to exaggerate. But let us see if it be possible; and if it be, the well known insatiate appetite, the mania, of novel-reading, in some persons, makes it probable. In four years, including one leap year, there are 1,461 days; he had, then, to read but two volumes and a fraction daily, Sundays included. Rising early, and reading far into the night, he was able to do this. He used, he said, to run into Boston, on his feet, every evening during twilight, to the book-shops and circulating libraries, to return volumes and obtain others. I had thought this an unparalleled instance in the history of novel-reading—as among students I hope it is. But happening to speak of it to a friend, he mentioned the following:—Being with two gentlemen at a book-store in New York, at which was kept a circulating library, one of them remarked that an acquaintance of his was accustomed to read two hundred volumes of novels a year. The other thought it incredible. The first, turning to the bookseller, asked what was the largest number of volumes drawn by one person from his library in a year. Referring to his books, he found that a certain lady had taken four hundred and fifty sets, mostly two-volumed, making about nine hundred volumes. This would amount, in four years, to three thousand six hundred; so that the fair one beat the collegian by six hundred.

(To be continued.)

## DECORATIVE ART.

### DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

To many of the Agents the prospectuses have been despatched, but of course during this week of universal holiday nothing has been done any where, although we shall have to report a very considerable addition to the list of subscribers when we resume its publication.

In the meanwhile we make a few more extracts from the notices given to the plan of the Society by our contemporaries.

The *Kelso Chronicle* kindly says,

We recommend this Union to the early notice of our readers, as we believe a certain number of names ought to be received previous to applying for a Royal Charter, in conformity with a recent Act of Parliament.

And from the *Kerry Examiner* we have this very complimentary testimony to the excellence of the project:—

The *CRITIC* is a journal of literature and art, and no individual more calculated to promote the great work he has undertaken, none more likely to originate a great design connected with the arts, than the gentleman who so very ably, as editor, conducts a journal exclusively devoted to subjects connected with literature and the arts. Hence we look forward with confidence to the successful progress of the Decorative Art-Union, when once it is moulded into form and receives a living existence, and trust it may speedily arrive to that maturity of greatness which its learned originator contemplates, and which its peculiar object so justly deserves.

The *Norfolk Chronicle* has also favourably noticed the Union, and the *Castlebar Telegraph* has signified its approval by inserting the prospectus entire.

## ART.

### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

ARTISTS are re-awakening from their slumbers. The new year has brought new announcements, and renewed meetings. The Hampstead Conversazione Society, which is composed of about sixty subscribing members, held its first meeting for the season last week. Mr. Colnaghi contributed Toschi's drawings from the Correggios at Parma; Mr. Hertz fourteen cartoons assigned to Correggio. Mr. Gruner arranged the rooms; and Mr. C. R. Cockerell, R.A. delivered a discourse on the comparative merits of Correggio and Titian.—Mr. G. R. Ward has just completed a three-quarter engraving of Mr. Sydney Herbert, after the portrait by F. Grant, A.R.A.—a manly production, and one of the best works of its class and character in the last Royal Academy exhibition. In the general air of the head Mr. Grant has had Sir Joshua's admirable portrait

of Mr. Herbert's ancestor in his eye, and Mr. Ward has worked with a recollection of the engraving from the picture we allude to, and which is one of the very best of the old mezzotinto school.

—The Rajah of Sarawak has been sitting for his portrait to Mr. F. Grant, A.R.A.—The trustees have selected Mr. Haghe's large water-colour drawing as one of the pictures composing the Vernon gift to the National Gallery.—The *Bath Herald* of Saturday mentions the recent death of Thomas Barker, "an exhibitor of the British Institution for nearly half a century." He was long an eminent artist, residing in Bath. He was the painter of the well-known picture of *The Woodman*, the likeness of a gardener, near that city; also of other subjects, "from the artist's youthful mind and energetic hand, all which, during the last sixty years, have been copied thousands of times." Mr. Barker's capacities are described as of the highest order. "His purpose was to elevate the understanding, and his sympathy was enlisted in the cause of virtue." The picture of *The Woodman* was sold to Alderman Boydell for 700 guineas. The painting was executed at the early age of 15! Although the artist's years had numbered nearly four score, his mental powers continued to retain all the vigour and freshness of youth.—On Thursday next Mr. Cockerell will commence his lectures at the Royal Academy. The subject is to be that of Architecture, and will be continued on the subsequent Thursday evenings.—There were on the ceilings and vaultings of the apartments in the castle of Vincennes, near Paris, 800 square feet of allegorical paintings from the pencil of Lesueur. M. Landry, who is attached to the royal museums for transferring old paintings to new canvases, has taken off the paintings at Vincennes with great and successful care; and on Wednesday transported them to the Louvre in frames made for the purpose. They were carried up to M. Landry's atelier above the Spanish Museum, and there he will immediately proceed to put them on canvas.—A monument is to be erected in the Grand Square of Orleans to Joan of Arc—for which a national subscription has been set on foot. M. Foyatier, the sculptor of the *Spartacus*, is to be the artist.—It appears, from a statement in the *Art-Union Journal*, that legal proceedings have been instituted to arrest the progress of art-lotteries; writs having been issued for penalties in the form of actions for debt and costs.—The *Art-Union Journal* states that the trustees of the National Gallery have made their selection from the gallery of Mr. Robert Vernon, and have accepted for the nation 160 pictures. Among the pictures are four of the finest works of Turner; of examples of Etty there are six; of Eastlake, two; of Maclise, two; of Mulready, three; of Unwins, two; of Landseer, six; of Briggs, two; of Stanfield, four; of Collins, three; of Chalon, one; of Leslie, three; of Webster, two; of Calcott, seven; of Wilkie, three; of Jones, two; of Lance, three; of E. M. Ward, three; of Sydney Cooper, two; of F. Goodall, two; of Sir Joshua, one; of Gainsborough, two. It is unnecessary to state, that these are not only examples of the best masters of our school,—they are, with scarcely an exception, the best productions of the several artists—the works of their best time—selected with the nicest judgment and the keenest appreciation of excellence. The trustees were empowered by Mr. Vernon to take the whole collection, or to reject such as they pleased; they rejected but few, and these were chiefly small and subordinate works or sketches.

*Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man, illustrated by Original Designs, drawn on wood.* London, 1848. Von Voorst.

HAPPY was the first idea of an union of artists to illustrate some single short poem, of which every stanza, if not every line, might suggest a subject. It is one capable of indefinite application, and we are delighted to see that it has not been permitted to drop, but that each succeeding year has introduced some new gem of poetry, adorned by gems of her sister art.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Seven Ages* are peculiarly adapted for this kind of illustration; each age would re-

quire the hand of a master of a different school from the rest. The Editor felt this, and he was fortunate to obtain the co-operation of artists not found among the contributors to any similar works. Two of the most gifted of them, CONSTABLE and HILTON, have passed away from us since their drawings were completed, and this adds much to their value. Of CONSTABLE it is stated that the interest he took in this work was so great that he made nearly twenty sketches for the theme appropriated to him, *The Melancholy Jaques*, before he produced one to his taste. HILTON's subject was completed very shortly before his death.

The first is MULREADY'S *All the World's a Stage*, which exhibits the seven stages in a group of wonderful variety, yet unity, of action. It is stated that the artist was so well pleased with his own effort that he subsequently made a large picture of it, which is now in the collection of Mr. SHEEP-SHANKS. This is followed by *Jaques*, the sketch of which we have already spoken, from the pencil of CONSTABLE, and which singularly preserves the characteristics of his genius, and even that mannerism of effects by white spots, by which his pictures are instantly to be recognised.

The first stage, *The Infant*, was executed by Sir DAVID WILKIE. It is very truthful, especially the loving face of the pretty mother, who bends over her baby to bid him adieu before she goes out, as is apparent by her evening dress and the hood thrown over her head. COLLINS has designed *The Whining Schoolboy* to the very life; such unwillingness in face and step—such a conflict between "I'd rather not" and "I must," we never saw before upon paper. CHALON'S *Lover* is the least interesting of the group; it is, indeed, an extravagant figure, utterly unlike life and nature. COOPER'S *Soldier* is admirable more for the horse than the man; the former is full of fire, and seems to be starting from the page. CALCOTT has portrayed *The Justice* looking stocks and the whipping-post at the poor little trembling fellow who has probably been stealing apples (as his worship did when he was a boy), and whose white mice he is delivering to the beadle behind the chair, who is lifting hands and staff in admiration of his master's "wise saws and modern instances." The very dog on the floor looks largely sagacious and anti-vagrant, but it is in look only; he is too fat to bite, or even bark.

EDWIN LANDSEER has embodied "*The Lean and Slipped Pantaloons* with painful fidelity. The old man is viewing himself in the glass, and starting at the havoc time bath made. The white poodle at his feet is looking at his brother poodle in the glass with equal intensity of gaze, and manifestly working himself into a passion. This dog alone is worth the cost of the whole work.

*Last Scene of All* is by HILTON,—simple as such a theme should be, but telling its tale. The imbecile old man pillowed in a chair, with calm face, sleeps away the short remainder of his now joyless life, wrapped in flannels, while the servant busily blows the fire to make more warmth for his sluggish blood.

This description will be sufficient to recommend the work to all the lovers of art.

THE VERNON GALLERY.—The trustees of the National Gallery have made their selection from the gallery of Robert Vernon, Esq., and have accepted for the nation one hundred and sixty pictures. The deed conferring this magnificent gift upon the British people has been executed; and it now only remains for the nation to erect a structure fitted to receive the collection. Until this is done we believe the pictures will not be removed from the house of the donor, in Pall-mall. Among the one hundred and sixty pictures, are four of the finest works of Turner; of examples of Etty, there are six; of Eastlake, two; of Maclise, two; of Mulready, three; of Unwins, two; of Landseer, six; of Briggs, two; of Stanfield, four; of Collins, three; of Chalon, one; of Leslie, three; of Webster, two; of Calcott, seven; of Wilkie, three; of Jones, two; of Lance, three; of E. M. Ward, three; of Sydney Cooper, two; of F. Goodall, two; of Sir Joshua, one; of Gainsborough, two. It is unnecessary to state, that these are not only examples of the best masters of our school; they are, with scarcely an exception, the best productions of the several artists—the works of their best time—



selected with the nicest judgment and the keenest appreciation of excellence. The trustees were empowered by Mr. Vernon to take the whole collection, or to reject such as they pleased; they rejected but few, and these were chiefly small and subordinate works or sketches.—*Art-Union Journal.*

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE past year has been a glorious one for the musical world. Professors and public have benefited vastly. There has been much advancement in the trade and the beauty of the art, and many promising paths have been opened, whose traversing in the future will lead to further benefits. Among the regenerators, foremost stands Jullien, and his reward has been proportioned to his exertions. He has done much for the improvement and spread of a taste for music, and the public has not forgotten his services.—Madame Dorus Gras and Miss Dolby will shortly take a professional trip with Jullien through the provinces; two concerts will be given at Manchester during the coming week.—Report says that Mr. Lumley has engaged two tenors for the next season, whose capabilities are well known in France. Their names are Ferrari and Cassini.—It is stated that the custom of giving Christmas carols in the Welch churches has this year fallen much into decline.—Miss Emma Lucombe is fast gaining popularity in Paris; and Mr. Joseph Haigh has become a great favourite at Milan, where he is studying industriously. Both are from England.—In the year 1728, a first-rate singer could command as remuneration no more than 45*l.* annually. Our readers know how Jenny Lind was paid last season, and how she will be paid again.—We observe that Mr. Henry Smith's concerts are to commence on Monday week, at the Exeter Hall. Most of the operatic stars will take part in the performance.—The *Musical World* gives the following anecdote:—Mr. Templeton, the popular vocalist, arrived in Liverpool last week, and after he had settled his preliminary business at the Mechanics' Institution, where he was to sing, sought for himself a lodging, deciding on his location with the becoming caution of "a canny Scot." Voice, a precious commodity to professional singers, being in these days of influenza easily impaired, he desired, in combination with interior comfort and convenient position, salubrity of situation. Thus it happened that he took up his abode in a house where he had not before resided on any of his former visits to Liverpool. Next morning he was trying his voice in order to discover if he had by any misfortune lost his G, or any of his other notes, during his journey to Liverpool. No, not a note was impaired. "I am in capital voice this morning," he remarked to his friend Blewitt, "only hear?" and again he ran from his lower note to the top of his compass and back again. Just then the smiling mistress of the house entered the room: "You are in capital voice this morning, Mr. Templeton, I hear." "Excellent," replied Templeton. "Well," said she, "it's easily accounted for; you slept in Albani's bed last night."

*Wood's Edition of the Songs of Scotland.* Edited by G. F. GRAHAM. No. X. and Appendix to Vol. I. London, Wood and Co. We have already more than once noticed this most acceptable addition to the Musical Library. The new numbers contain the songs, "For lack of Gold," "We'll meet beside the dusky Glen," "For a that," "The Battle of Preston," and "Why should I, a brisk young Lassie." Each song is accompanied with an interesting history of its origin.

VALUABLE MUSICAL PROPERTY.—It is known to our musical readers that 12 symphonies for the pianoforte (arranged for four hands) have just been given to the world, as posthumous compositions of the great Mozart. M. Augustus Cranz, a music-publisher in Hamburg, publicly announces that he has in his possession the original manuscript music, in the handwriting of the composer himself, and refers for a confirmation of his assertion to Czerny, Kiese-

wetter, Gyrowetz, Schmidt, Sonleithner, and, lastly, to A. Fuchs,—all musicians who, from their intimate acquaintance with Mozart and his works and their residence in Vienna, the principal scene of his labours, are fully competent to testify to the truth. These 12 symphonies form a second series, in addition to the 12 already known. Three of them (in G minor, D major, and E flat major) have already appeared. The fourth, in C major, will be published in January. These symphonies will eventually be scored for a full orchestra.

NOTICE.—The enthusiasm which has so long prevailed, as regards the works of Mendelssohn, has acquired tenfold interest, from the event which has so prematurely bereaved the musical world of this marvellous genius. There could, therefore, be no more fitting homage to his memory, nor an observance more attractive to the public, than that devised by Mr. Mitchell, namely, the performance of one of the immortal composer's greatest dramatic works by the first of comedians and the best of instrumentalists. *Antigone* will be performed next week by a troupe led by the great French actor, Bocage, supported by a first-rate orchestra, and grand chorus, under the direction of Jules Benedict.

To resuscitate the spirit of the old classical world, to combine the sublime tragedies of the Greeks, with the solemn glorious inspirations of Mendelssohn, is due to a king, whose taste as a *cognoscente* and a dilettante, enjoys an unresisted sway, which no sceptre and no power can afford in the political world. This performance will be repeated to the public, at the St. James's Theatre, on a few subsequent nights.

Not only to the musical world, but to the youth that flock to town from the Universities, and other lesser seminaries of learning, this performance will afford an immense treat. The instruction it affords is twofold—embodying and illustrating the habits and forms of what is most studied and prized in the ancient classic world—combining instruction in the French language with the highest class of music. No doubt the attendance, both from the country and from town, will be unprecedented, even for that favourite rendezvous of fashion, the St. James's Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S CONCERT ROOMS,

HANOVER-SQUARE.—The Nobility and Gentry are respectfully informed that the FIRST GRAND CONCERT of the ensuing Season will be that given by the three celebrated Juvenile Harpists, ADOLPHUS, ERNEST, and FANNY LOCKWOOD, whose performance on the Harp at the above rooms during the past season created so great a sensation in the musical world. The above-named three Performers (who appeared as the Pupils of Mr. Frederick Chatterton) will have the honour of introducing several new Grand and Brilliant Trios, composed expressly for them by their present instructor, Mr. GERHARD TAYLOR, who is universally admitted by the Profession and the Dilettanti to be the First Harpist in Europe. The Programme will embrace, in addition to the Lockwood artists and Mr. Gerhard Taylor, the names of all the principal Instrumental Performers and Vocalists of the highest class. In the meantime all communications must be addressed to the residence of the children, 114, Strand.

WILL SHORTLY BE CLOSED, AT

THE PANORAMA ROYAL, Leicester-square, the VIEW of GRAND CAIRO, from Drawings taken by DAVID ROBERTS, Esq. R.A. with its splendid Mosques, Minarets, and Domes; the River Nile; the Eternal Pyramids; and a Gorgeous Assemblage, preparatory to a Pilgrimage to Mecca.

THE VIEWS of the HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS and the PLAINS of HINDOSTAN, and of the CLASSICAL CITY of ATHENS, are also now open.

AURORA BOREALIS.—In addition to the numerous Attractions for the Christmas Holidays at the ROYAL COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park, a beautiful representation of the AURORA BOREALIS, as visible from the top of St. Paul's on the night of the 24th of October, 1847, is now introduced in the celebrated Panorama of London by Night, and exhibited from One till Five, and Seven till Half-past Ten o'clock. The Saloon of Sculpture brilliantly illuminated, a most tasteful selection of Music, and the whole building kept at a most delightful Temperature, combine to render this the most attractive and fashionable promenade in London for the afternoon and evening during the Winter Months.

Admission to the whole, 2*s.*; Children and Schools, half price.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Monday last was produced a Christmas pantomime, which, though not to say a good one, will perhaps yet prove better than some of its rivals at other houses. It was preceded by MOORE's tragedy of the *Gamester*, and a more melancholy performance it has never been our lot to

witness; we do not allude to the melancholy story of the play, for that was rendered rather funny than otherwise by the attempts of walking gentlemen to do tragedy, who appeared to possess no qualification other than that they stood upon two legs; in charity, we hope they looked upon the piece as a sop to stay the appetite of a hungry audience waiting for pantomime, and had determined to scamp it accordingly. How much and often did we pity Miss MONTAGUE and Miss SUSAN CUSHMAN their unhappy fate in being constrained to act with such. There was a time—but let us to the pantomime, *Old Father Time*; or, *Harlequin and the Four Seasons*. It opens with a piece of allegory so profound as not to be easily understood by dull heads like ours. *Old Father Time* looks through a telescope, of rather modest dimensions, into futurity, sees wonders, which he tells to the Hours—they (the Hours) being appropriately habited in gauze petticoats; then appear in succession the Seasons, who alternately get flattered and abused by the testy old blade, whereupon *Winter* getting the worst of it threatens to do a deed, or rather to undo one, that *Spring* has set her heart upon accomplishing,—which is, of course, to bring two lovers together. The two lovers are in great trouble,—the lady having an obdurate brother, and the gentleman a powerful rival in the lord of the Blood Red Tower, *Baron Von Maiden-Killer*, who seizes the damsel and bears her away, pursued by her disconsolate admirer. The Seasons then struggle for supremacy, which being gained by *Winter*, he transports lovers, rival, and obdurate brother to the regions of eternal ice. The transformation takes place, and the fun begins. The pantomimists are excellent,—FLEXMORE, as *Clown*, is perhaps the best since the days of GRIMALDI, certainly the best now upon the stage; his solo on a child's trumpet is a piece of most amusing nonsense, as is also his waltz on a shovel, and imitations of various dancers. Miss FAWCETT is an elegant *Columbine*, and Mr. BOLOGNA a neat and active *Harlequin*; there is also a *Sprite*, sustained by Mr. SYLVANI, who displays curious powers of contortion. Mr. PAULO, as *Pantaloon*, did what pantaloons ought to do—he did not overact the character. The scenery, by Mr. BROWNING and assistants displays great taste and invention, and drew forth continued plaudits; his name as a scene-painter, though not as an artist, is new to us, and we shall watch his progress with interest.

ADELPHI.—The Christmas piece at this theatre is quite a novelty,—an attempt to revive the old Italian pantomime,—affording great scope in the selection of the characters, for in every town in Italy they differed materially,—some few, it is true, being general favourites, whilst others were confined to different localities. The principal characters in the one now before us are, *Pierrot*, the married, and *Polichinello*, the single, with *Pierrette*, who marries *Pierrot*. The movement of the piece consists in the vagaries of *Polichinello*, who, envious of the possession by *Pierrot* of such a wife, is always devising schemes for his disquietude; succeeds in carrying off *Pierrette* and confining her in a silver cage, from which she is however released by her husband, who, by way of a climax, with a huge knife severs the head of *Polichinello* from his body. The acting of Mr. PAUL LEGRAND as *Pierrot*, has been the theme of great praise, and deservedly so; but the performance of *Polichinello*, by Mr. C. J. SMITH, is one in every way equal to it in action, and we cannot help thinking, superior in conception and unity.

The introduction of the piece to the English stage is an interesting event; but it is *caviare* to an Adelphi audience, hence its equivocal reception,—an error in judgment on the part of the manager, which is to be regretted the more, that it would have been to a Haymarket audience as a pantomime, what *Antigone* at Covent Garden was a tragedy—a feast, not for the multitude, but for the discriminating.

COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.—Determined not to be behind-hand in novelty for the holiday folks, the proprietors have added another attraction to the list of wonders that almost bewilder the visitors. It is a representation—in the picture of *London by Night*—of the Aurora Borealis, suggested, no doubt, by the appearance of that phenomenon in such unusual brilliance on the night of the 24th of October last. Like every thing else at this exhibition, it is most cleverly managed; the evanescent quality of the light, with its chameleon changes and scintillations, convey to the beholder who may not have been fortunate enough to have witnessed the reality, an impression scarcely short of it. The bright stars, seen through its trembling semi-opaque body, have an effect truly beautiful. A minor, though very interesting addition to the atmospheric effect of the picture is a representation of a halo round the moon;

in short, every week brings an accession of beauty in some form, either for the Panorama, the Museum of Sculpture, or the Conservatory.

**ADELAIDE GALLERY.**—This place of public amusement has been much visited by the Christmas holiday folks. Besides the numerous amusements provided by the proprietor for his visitors, at half-past eight a ball commences, and dancing is kept up with great vigour, if not elegance, till half-past eleven. The ball-room is well managed; the refreshments are good, and moderate in price; and there are fewer of those turbulent characters who used to infest public balls to be seen than formerly.

#### ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

##### REGRET.

The golden sun beams o'er me  
With all his ancient glow;  
The waters flash before me  
With their old music's flow;  
I do not see that outward things  
Have lost one single gleam  
Of the glory and the brilliancy  
That clothed them like a dream.

But strange, though mournful than strange,  
What made me once so glad,  
Now speaks to me of chance and change,  
And makes me dark and sad.  
The universe is still as fresh  
As when I was a boy;  
But now it seems a tragedy,  
And then it gushed with joy.

Alas! it needs no sage's tongue,  
No deep philosophy,  
To tell me I'm no longer young,  
With spirit proud and high.  
I then look'd forward, and my hope  
Made joyous Nature's plan;  
I now look back upon the past,  
A crushed, despairing man.

#### NECROLOGY.

##### LEWIS N. COTTINGHAM, ESQ. F.S.A.

AT his residence in the Waterloo Bridge-road, on the 13th of October, aged 60, Lewis Nockalls Cottingham, esq. F.S.A. He was born in 1787, at Laxfield, in Suffolk, of a highly respectable family. Early in life he evinced unequivocal marks of a genius for science and the arts, and was consequently apprenticed to an extensive builder at Ipswich. After several years spent, as his early drawings and studies prove, in most industriously making himself acquainted with all the branches of his art, he proceeded to London, and there placed himself for further improvement with a skilful architect and surveyor. He commenced his professional career in 1814, and for many years, at his residences in the vicinity of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, steadily and perseveringly worked himself up to that eminence which subsequently obtained for him the numerous important public works we now proceed to enumerate. His first public appointment was that of architect and surveyor to the Cooks' Company in 1822, which he held for a number of years; and soon after this, he erected a mansion in the perpendicular style of Gothic architecture, for John Harrison, esq. at Snelston Hall, Derbyshire. In 1825 he was nominated by the Dean and Chapter of Rochester architect to their cathedral, where he effected very extensive works, including a new central tower, with the restoration of many portions of the fabric. In 1829 he was the successful competitor for the restoration, &c. of the interior of the Chapel of Magdalene College, Oxford; a work which may be considered one of the first steps towards the revival of the correct taste and feeling for English ecclesiastical architecture, which since then has happily been so widely extended. In 1833 he was intrusted with the restoration and repairs of St. Alban's Abbey Church, and there carried out, in a most satisfactory manner, very considerable works. The next large work on which he was engaged was the Cathedral at Armagh, in Ireland, which, with the exception of a very small portion, was entirely rebuilt from his designs. This elaborate undertaking occupied him several years, and gave full opportunity for a display of the great mechanical skill which he possessed, as well as his sound taste and feeling as an English ecclesiastical architect, of both of which it will ever furnish the strongest evidence. He was exceedingly strenuous in his exertions to aid in effecting the restoration of the Lady Chapel at St. Saviour's, Southwark. In 1840 he was called in by the Society of the Inner

and Middle Temple, to report upon the then proposed restoration of the Temple Church; and he afterwards, in various ways, materially aided in the beautiful restoration there accomplished. The reparation of the tower and spire of St. James's, Louth, Lincolnshire, which had been rent from the top to its foundations by lightning, was confided to his care, and has been restored with the utmost skill and accuracy. The extensive and able restorations at St. Mary's Church, Bury St. Edmund's; the Norman Tower in the same town, which has been completely restored in a truly admirable manner; the new bank adjoining, which he erected; with other works in churches, &c. in the neighbourhood, will long cause his name to be honourably remembered in his native county; and especially by the many noblemen and gentlemen of taste on the several committees, who have so zealously aided his endeavours to preserve and restore the fine examples of our ancient English architecture in which Bury St. Edmund's abounds.

He was further occupied very extensively both in the ecclesiastical and civil branches of his profession; and, from among many others, may be mentioned the following:—The restoration of the churches at Ashbourne, Derbyshire; Chesterford, Essex; Milton Bryan, Beds—where, in addition to other works, he erected a new tower at the north-west angle of the nave; Clifton, Notts; Roos, Yorkshire; Theberton, Suffolk; Horningheath, Suffolk; Market Weston, Suffolk; and private works for Lord Brougham, at Brougham Castle, Westmorland; the Earl of Harrington, at Elvaston Castle, Derby; the Earl of Dunraven, at Adare Abbey, Ireland; and the Earl of Craven, at Combe Abbey. Among his numerous patrons may also be mentioned the late Earl of Verulam, the Hon. and Rev. Lord C. Hervey, Sir Robert H. Inglis, Sir Edward Blackett, &c. &c. In the years 1824 and 1825 he published several valuable practical works connected with the study of Gothic architecture; among which may be specially mentioned a large folio work on Henry the Seventh's Chapel, as restored; a folio work of "The Details of Gothic Architecture;" and a quarto work on Ornamental Metal Work. His last great work, remaining to be completed by his son, was the restoration of Hereford Cathedral. Here it is that all his efforts have been directed, for some years past, to bring into full action the fruits of his long experience in the restoration of this splendid fabric. So much had been done in former times to deface and destroy the beautiful proportions and detail of the early parts of the building, that it was, till his practised eye undertook the task, considered almost beyond the possibility of authentic renovation. The great central tower had been disfigured internally by unsightly modern groining, and the introduction of barbarous supports under the great north and south arches, together with the mutilations of the four grand piers sustaining the tower, by the insertion of large blocks of masonry of the rudest description, occasioning most serious fractures. By Mr. Cottingham's skill the four main piers of the tower have been reinstated with new ones of the original Norman design; sufficient remains of which were discovered to decide, with the most minute accuracy, every moulding. The modern groining has been removed, and the four great Norman arches, with the interesting stone lantern above, restored; and a new timber ceiling, richly decorated in gold and colour, placed under the bell-chamber floor. He has since restored the Lady Chapel; and the third contract, which is now in progress, comprises the complete restoration of the choir. Only the day before his decease, a county meeting was held to raise the funds required to complete these works, for which the sum of 25,000*l.* is required. This, however, there is every probability will be raised; and it remains for his son to finish a work in which we feel sure his own heart and feelings must be centered.

About the year 1825, Mr. Cottingham undertook the management and arrangement of the very extensive estate belonging to the late John Field, esq. of Tooting, on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge, and thereon erected the principal portion of the houses forming the large parish of St. John's, Lambeth, immediately surrounding his own residence. This also he built, and provided with large suites of rooms attached, for the purpose of depositing the valuable works of art and the library, which he had, with the true and earnest zeal of an artist devoted to his profession, spared neither trouble nor expense to acquire. During the subsequent two-and-twenty years, this collection has constantly been added to, and may justly be considered as unique, comprising as it does specimens and casts of all the rarest examples in the different styles of architecture, arranged in chronological order, in numerous apartments appropriately furnished. Mr. Cottingham made several communications to the Society of Antiquaries, but in many

cases they were in the nature of the exhibition of drawings, and withdrawn. The Society published, however, in the 29th volume of *Archæologia*, his description of the pavement of encaustic tiles\* in the chapter-house of Westminster Abbey, and his account of the discovery in the Temple church of the leaden coffins of the Knights Templars there interred. He also made some interesting communications to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, particularly of the Norman circular window discovered in the Temple church, and others relating to works in which he was engaged. Mr. Cottingham was a member of many of the scientific societies, and had, from an early period of life, been on intimate terms with many of the most celebrated architects, artists, and scientific men of his time; among whom we may mention Flaxman, Stothard, the well-known John Carter, Mr. Gayfer (who restored Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster), Mr. Capon, the antiquary, and others now no more; and a numerous list might be added of those whom he has left to mourn his loss. His temper and feelings with regard to his profession might by the stranger be considered enthusiastic; but his heart and affections were equally ardent, and those who once knew him ever entertained the greatest esteem and friendship for his amiable domestic habits, and generous benevolent disposition. Many who have enjoyed his friendship, and those who have received the advantage of his sound and able instruction, and since attained eminence in their profession, will feel this to be but a just eulogy to the memory of so highly-gifted and true-hearted a man. He married, in the year 1822, Sophia, second daughter of Robert Turner Cotton, esq. of Finsbury, and has left two sons and one daughter: the elder son, Nockalls Johnson Cottingham, succeeds him in his profession, and has already been actively engaged, not only at Hereford Cathedral, but in a large new church, now erecting, exclusively from his own designs, at Lincoln; and the younger, Edwin Cotton Cottingham, is engaged in the medical profession in Suffolk. His remains were interred on Friday, Oct. 22, in the family vault at the east end of the north aisle of Croydon Church, Surrey.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

#### Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

##### BIRTHS.

ARUNDEL.—The Countess of Arundel and Surrey, in Carlton-terrace, on the 27th ult. of a son and heir.

##### MARRIAGES.

GURNEY, William, Head Master of the Grammar School, Stockport, to Mary, third daughter of C. W. Lovell, esq. of Gray's-inn and Rodney-street, Pentonville, on the 27th ult. at St. James's, Pentonville.

MAINE, Henry Sumner, esq. LL.D. Regius Professor of Civil Law of the University of Cambridge, to Jane, second daughter of George Main, esq. on the 21st ult. at Brisbane-place, Kelso.

MOXFORD, The Right Hon. Henry Lord, to Miss Ann Burgham, daughter of the late William Burgham, esq. of Upton Bishop, Herefordshire, on the 28th ult. at St. Mary's Bryanston-square.

##### DEATHS.

DOWN, T. J. Esq. late lessee of the Theatre Royal, York, at Brompton, on the 16th ult. aged 63.

LEIGH, George, eldest son of Mr. J. Thomas, secretary of the Marybone Literary and Scientific Institution, and formerly of Winchester, on the 25th ult. aged 2.

LISTON, Robert, the eldest son of the late Robert Liston, esq. at Duddingstone-house, near Edinburgh, on the 19th ult. aged 14.

MURRAY, Elizabeth, widow of Lord H. Murray, son of John, third Duke of Athol, on the 20th ult.

SMITH, the Rev. R. Wesleyan minister, for 23 years governor of Kingswood-school, at Baptist-mills, Bristol, on the 19th ult. aged 79.

TAYLOR, Mr. James, late of London, at the residence of his son, Mr. Bianchi Taylor, No. 1, Belvidere, Bath, on the 19th ult. aged 78.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

IN your notice of Dr. Oken's *Elements of Physiology*, that portion of your interpretation in which it is considered that life-galvanism and organicism are synonymous, recalls forcibly to my mind a similar idea entertained of existence, which I found put forth in a work upon epilepsy. Life and electricity were here supposed to be identical. A constant electric current was conceived to exist through the brain and body by the agency of the nerves; but when the due or natural balance was lost, or an undue accumulation of electric fluid took place in brain or body, this gave rise to the phenomena of convulsions, insensibility, &c. It is some nine years since

\* All the tiles in that building were afterwards engraved from Mr. Cottingham's drawings in Mr. J. G. Nichols's *Fac-similes of Encaustic Tiles*.



my reading the book; the author, by-the-bye, I can soon ascertain. I think there is sufficient interest in the above to warrant my trespassing on your time. Coupling the above with the interesting remarks of your paper, I shall feel much pleasure in paying due attention to Dr. Oken's *To Appear*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

E. W. S. DAVIS.

Pond House, Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire,  
Dec. 25, 1847.

## JOURNAL OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

### MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.

The Registrar-General's return for the week ending Saturday last communicates the satisfactory information that the reign of epidemic catarrh is abated, and the metropolis restored to nearly an average amount of health. The deaths registered in last week were only 1,347—a result which must be favourable beyond expectation when compared with a mortality of almost double the amount, which has recently attracted the observation of all, and caused the loss of friends to be deplored by many. The rise of the epidemic, whether produced by atmospheric phenomena of unusual character, or the introduction of a new and pestiferous principle, or by both causes combined, was more rapid than its fall; but the decline has been accomplished in a shorter period than during former visitations, if the imperfect knowledge of its progress in past times afford sufficient means of making the comparison. The following tables exhibit the whole course of the epidemic, both in the several districts of the metropolis, and according to the various forms of disease which principally contributed to the loss of life:—

#### RETURN OF DEATHS IN THE WEEKS ENDING

Population 1841.		Nov. 27th.	Dec. 4th.	Dec. 11.	Dec. 18.	Dec. 25th.
1,948,425	London.....	1,677	2,454	2,416	1,946	1,347
300,711	West districts..	179	300	332	273	188
375,971	North districts	267	422	482	415	250
373,653	Central districts	319	530	458	314	195
392,444	East districts..	504	662	463	371	240
501,190	South districts	408	600	681	573	364
Influenza.....		36	108	374	270	142
Hooping Cough.....		44	65	71	36	28
Bronchitis.....		196	343	299	234	107
Pneumonia.....		170	306	294	189	131
Phthisis.....		153	198	192	148	111
Fever.....		91	130	140	134	86
Epidemic Diseases.....		415	638	783	620	389
Diseases of respiratory organs		634	994	913	657	391

The weekly averages of the above diseases, or classes of disease, are respectively—3, 32, 39, 109, 134, 38, 211, and 333.

### CURE FOR CHOLERA.

A PHYSICIAN writing to the *Times*, thus states the treatment recommended by Dr. BASTLER, and the success with which he adopted it. Our readers may desire to preserve the recipe for reference, and therefore we extract it for them.

"Dr. Bastler insists, and the correctness of the treatment has since been recognized by the highest authorities, that to be successful we must instantaneously address ourselves to this symptom. He recommends the immediate application of heat, friction, &c., and the administration of the strongest stimulants. Of these he found the essential oils most efficacious, and the formula he finally fixed upon is the following:—

"R. olei anisi, olei juniperi, olei cajuputi, singulorum scrupulum unum; spiritus æther. sulph. comp. drachmam unam, tincture cinnamomi drachmas duas, liquoris acidi Halleri minima quinque—M.

"He gives this every half-hour in doses of from eight to ten drops in two table-spoonfuls of warm peppermint tea, alternately with an effervescent draught, increasing the frequency of the doses, in proportion to the violence of the attack until the body resumes its functions. If perspiration can be induced, with ordinary care in the subsequent treatment the patient is saved. On my way to Paris after leaving Austria, I was detained by the authorities at Chalons-sur-Marne, and earnestly requested to remain in attendance upon the sick; my papers shewing that I was of the medical profession, and leaving a country over which the pestilence had passed. I was first sent to Avize, where the cholera was then raging fearfully. Having been impressed with the conviction of the soundness of Dr. Bastler's views, and struck with the success which had attended his practice, my first step was to have prepared a quan-

tity of his stimulant with directions for its use, and I caused these to be freely distributed, recommending its administration immediately on the symptoms appearing and while the medical man was being sent for. My recommendation was very generally adopted, and with the greatest possible benefit. In many cases, on arrival, I found that the remedy had already produced the most beneficial effects, and even in those cases where the patient had not procured the medicament, or used the external application of heat and friction, the prompt adoption of this treatment generally succeeded. Out of about 400 patients whom I attended in the Department de la Marne, in all stages of the disease, only 17 died."

## JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

*The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind*; by and through ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, the "Poughkeepsie Seer," and "Clairvoyant."

In 2 vols. London, 1847. Chapman.

THIS work is equally remarkable for its origin and for its contents. It consists of an exposition of what may be termed the Philosophy of the Universe, alleged to have been dictated by a clairvoyant, in his mesmeric state, and who, in his normal state, is certified by a host of unexceptionable witnesses, to be an ignorant and illiterate young man, possessing little of the intelligence, and absolutely nothing of the knowledge of nature with which, in his somnambulist condition, he displays so intimate and comprehensive an acquaintance.

The work is an importation from the United States, published here by Mr. CHAPMAN, on the account of Dr. LYON, the physician, by whom the Clairvoyant was magnetised.

It is entirely a question of weight of testimony whether these volumes are to be held as authentic. All the witnesses are Americans, but most of them are persons of repute and standing, and one, Mr. BRIDGEMAN, is the name of a gentleman well known in England for his philanthropic labours and sacrifices.

Mr. CHAPMAN appears to be properly desirous of obtaining the best authority for the genuineness of a work of a character so extraordinary that issues with his name upon the title-page. He has accordingly applied to the American minister here for information, whether the various certificates attached to the book are worthy of credence. Mr. BANCROFT has taken the surest means for this purpose by writing to parties known to him in America, with instruction to make inquiries, and report the result. The replies have not yet been received, but Mr. CHAPMAN promises that they shall be faithfully submitted to the public as soon as they arrive. He adds, that he has every reason to rely upon the respectability of the parties concerned, and a gentleman of high repute, Professor BUSH, of New York, has published in the *New York Tribune*, the following statement concerning it.

From a careful study of the whole matter, from its inception to its completion, I am perfectly satisfied that the work is the production of an ignorant young man, utterly and absolutely incompetent, in his natural state, to the utterances it embodies. I have not a shadow of doubt that it was given forth by him in a peculiar abnormal state, for some portions of it I heard with my own ears, and can testify that what I now read printed, accurately corresponds to what I have heard spoken. That all the rest was delivered in the same manner, scores of eye and ear-witnesses are ready to attest. How the subject-matter came into his mind is another question, which I do not now consider; but that the present volume, in its entire contents, was actually dictated from the lips of A. J. Davis, is a point of which I have no more doubt than that it is now for sale in Mr. Redfield's book-store. The original

drafts subscribed by the witnesses in attendance at each sitting are at all times accessible, and every one who wishes may certify himself of the fidelity of the printed volume to the manuscript copy. . . . There is no imposture in the fact of the book's existence, for here it is before us, and it has been produced by somebody. There is no imposture either in the fact that the book was dictated by the lips of A. J. Davis, for the manuscripts shew the signatures of 267 witnesses, who heard one or more of them delivered, to which the very respectable name of Professor Lewis of this city may be added, a gentleman whose veracity will not be questioned. He has expressly asserted it in the *New York Observer*.

The Professor thus argues the probabilities of the case:—

We have clearly traced the book to Davis as the ostensible source. But what was his real agency in the matter? Was he the prime mover, or merely the obsequious tool? Was his asserted mesmeric state a veritable reality, or a concerted sham! One or the other of these suppositions must be assumed. If the state was real, the book is undoubtedly genuine, whatever may be the particular theory in regard to the manner in which the ideas came into his mind. If it was not real, but mere pretence, then he must have been previously crammed with the matter, and recited it off as a schoolboy does his piece. But see what difficulties crowd upon this supposition! In the first place, the Lectures were, on an average, from one to three hours long, and continued from day to day, with slight interruptions, for a year and two months. Here is, in the outset, a prodigy of memory which taxes credulity to the utmost. But where and when were the lessons learnt? His time during the day was incessantly occupied with medical examinations, receiving visits, taking exercise, &c. The night alone remained for it. How much could he have slept? And in what way was the cramming process carried on? Were the Lectures read to him from books or manuscripts, or were they dictated *viâ voce*? They were not read from books, for they are not to be found in books. And as to their being read from manuscripts, it is credible that the man capable of this work would resort to such a paltry expedient, and be found wearing out the long hours of the night in these protracted readings, instead of giving it to the world in his own name or anonymously? But even if this stretch of literary knavery be supposed possible, as perhaps it may, yet the hypothesis is knocked on the head at once by the fact that the witnesses will all testify that in hundreds of instances, in the delivery of the lectures, he launched out in reply to questions proposed on the spot, into extended digressions, incidental to the main scope, shewing a complete mastery of the subject in its various ramifications and relations, and which could not possibly have been included in his prescribed rôle, supposing him to have been furnished with one. This was remarkably the case when I was myself present, and propounded a question, through his magnetizer, relative to the import of the Hebrew word for "firmament," which he answered with the utmost correctness. These digressions, which were oftentimes singularly interesting and instructive, do not appear in the volume.

Such being the avowed origin of these extraordinary volumes, there can be no doubt as to the reception they will meet with. They will be abused *without being read*. Reviewers will open them here and there, and lighting upon passages which undoubtedly have an aspect of wildness and mysteriousness savouring strongly of the dreams of SWEDENBOURG, they will turn them into ridicule, and close the book in full belief that it contains nothing more worthy of attention. Two large volumes delivered in a man's sleep, professing to exhibit the complete scheme of creation, or rather of our universe, is sufficient to excite incredulity in the most unprejudiced minds, and we should at once have set it down as an ingenious literary

imposture, had we not personally witnessed instances equally wonderful of persons whom we have known from childhood to be in their normal state entirely uneducated and duller even than the average, in the somnambulist state discourse eloquently of science and philosophy, and solving problems which we could not have mastered in a month. How the mind becomes thus informed when the bodily senses are sealed; whence its inspiration; how it attains perceptions of facts and existences other than through the medium of the senses, we do not know, nor do we pretend to explain. All we know is, that it is so; we have heard it, seen it—not once only, but fifty times—not in one person, but with many; not with exhibitors and lecturers only, but in the members of our own family, in the privacy of our home, where imposture was impossible. Therefore, we say, having experience that in truth the faculties of the mind are beyond measure exalted in certain conditions of somnambulism, we are not prepared, upon the mere assertion of the origin of these volumes, to reject them as an imposture.

Still less should we be inclined to do so after an examination of their contents. Whatever their true origin,—whether they be really the revelations of a somnambulist, as alleged, or whether some philosopher, as yet unknown to fame, has adopted this device for attracting to his lucubrations the attention of a public, to whom anything passing under the proper name of philosophy is distasteful,—certain it is, that in itself it is a very wonderful book,—exhibiting everywhere a gigantic grasp of thought, and if the matters asserted as facts be only fancies, the author possesses also as extraordinary an imagination. It is thus fairly described in the preface:—

The book may be divided into two portions;—one consisting of declarations concerning subjects and objects which we have no means of absolutely verifying—comprehending statements in reference to the heavenly bodies, to the inhabitants of various planets of our solar system, to the conditions and modes of existence in a future state, to the ethnography of our earth long anterior to the date of any tradition or historical record; and to many other phenomena too numerous to name here;—the other relative to scientific, philosophical, mythological, theological, moral, and social questions, which are within reach of the ordinary compass of human faculties and knowledge, and therefore may be subjected to a searching analysis and criticism, whereby they can be either refuted or verified. Hence, after stripping the book of all its claims to an extraordinary origin, and of all the parts which are beyond the reach of verification, there still remains a work of no ordinary scientific and theological pretensions; displaying a knowledge so profound and comprehensive, and generalisations so eminently philosophical and vast, that it must inevitably, from its intrinsic character, command the respectful attention of learned and inquiring minds. Professor Bush expresses his conception of the character and merits of the book as follows:—"Taken as a whole, the work is a profound and elaborate discussion of the *Philosophy of the Universe*; and, for grandeur of conception, soundness of principle, clearness of illustration, order of arrangement, and encyclopedical range of subjects, I know of no work, of any single mind, that will bear away from it the palm. To every theme, the inditing mind approaches with a sort of latent consciousness of mastery of all its principles, details, and technicalities, and yet without the least ostentatious display of superior mental powers. In every one the speaker appears to be equally at home, and utters himself with the easy confidence of one who had made each subject the exclusive study of a whole life. The manner in the scientific department is always calm, dignified, and conciliatory, as if far more disposed to excuse than to censure the errors which it aims to correct, while the style is easy,

flowing, chaste, appropriate, with a certain indescribable simplicity that operates like a charm upon the reader. The grand doctrine insisted on throughout, is that of *Spiritual Causation*, or, in other words, that all natural forms and organisms are effects, mirrors, and expressions of internal spiritual principles that are their causes, just as the human soul is the proximate cause of the human body. These spiritual essences are from God, the Infinite Spirit; and they work by inherent forces which are laws. As a necessary result, there are no immediate creations by a divine fiat, but a constant evolving chain of developments, in an ascending series from the lowest types of organisation to the highest. This theory is reasoned out with consummate ability, and its application to the geological history of our globe, and its varied productions, forms one of the most finished specimens of philosophical argument which is to be met with in the English language. Yet the scope of the work is as far as possible from being purely speculative."

A similarity of views to those communicated by KANT, FECHTE, SCHELLING, and in the great work of OKEN, which we recently introduced to our readers through the admirable translation published by the Royal Society, will be recognised in this production. A more original feature is the explanation which the author gives of the phenomena of animal magnetism, and which is certainly by far the most rational and satisfactory account that has yet appeared.

But before we enter upon a more particular examination of some portion of the work, we will state briefly what are our impressions of the extent of its authenticity.

Presuming it to have been dictated by a somnambulist, as asserted, we should not therefore accept all the *facts* stated as true. In the somnambulist condition all the mental faculties are vastly exalted, the imagination equally with the rest. Upon all matters within the range of perception and reason, the statements and conclusions of the mind may be accepted with some confidence, as those of a man much wiser than ourselves. But with the somnambulist, as with ourselves, upon all beyond the range of reason or perception, he employs the *imagination* and indulges in *conjecture*, with this only difference between his imaginations and ours, that his are much exalted, and being controlled by reason also largely exalted, they are kept within the bounds of reason and probability; but not the less are they *conjectures*, nor do they deserve any more respect than is given usually to the products of the imagination.

This, we believe, will explain why, without a suspicion of imposture, Mr. DAVIS's statements of things beyond mortal ken may be received as dreams, and yet his reasonings and assertions upon matters within human cognisance be entitled to respect and attention.

We shall, in another notice, enter more particularly into the subject-matter of these volumes.

#### NOTICE.

In consequence of the illness of the party preparing it, the Title-page and Index to the sixth volume are unavoidably deferred until next week.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

AMONG attentive readers, Mr. Leigh Hunt's and Mr. Warren's Christmas books are decidedly the favourites. With "the trade" it is very different. A rapid sale and a large discount recommend trash, more than does the steady-going disposal, and therefore limited profit, of good works, ensure to them a bookselling sympathy. Such books as *Our Street* and *The Family Jo Miller* will be found in hosts in the Paternoster-row collectors' bags; but in the

lists of circulating libraries, and on the thoughtful reader's table, are *Now and Then* and *A Jar of Honey*. The reading tendencies of the present age might well form a subject of earnest reflection. Odd names, illustrations, and a playing upon words which is called wit, are the attractions that ensure success. Large sales are not for those who do not flatter either the taste or the vanity, or tickle the risibility, of readers. And as Mr. Warren and Mr. Leigh Hunt do neither of these, they are not for the gormandizers of the day.—The quarterlies for January are unusually attractive to politicians. These bulky periodicals seem to have entirely changed their ancient character, or rather to have thrown off a time-established characteristic. They are no longer the sealers of the fate of particular books, or the arbiters of the success of certain authors. Either their discursive reasoning is unsuited to the flippant nature of present requirements, or their slow and backward movements have been superseded by the more railway-fashioned strides of such publications as *THE CRITIC*. Is a poet or an essayist to attain fame, he does not await the verdict of Macaulay in the *Edinburgh*, or of Talfourd in the *Quarterly*. Without them, Mr. Barrington has made his way to popularity, and their verdict, either for or against his writings, would be of little avail. Without them, Mrs. Lorraine has established a claim to a niche amongst the mind-regenerators of the day, and little would be their influence in withdrawing from the admiration her *Lays of Israel* have obtained, or in adding unto the lists of her admirers. Politics and science are now the *forte* of the quarterlies, and therefore to searchers for new remedies for Ireland, and quarrellers over the name of the last new planet, must their popularity be confined. They have no hold upon the masses even of attentive readers. They lie upon the tables of Mechanics' Institutes unsoiled, and in the private study or the homely literary coterie they are rarely found.—Dr. Lynch has set sail from America in search of "The Dead Sea," with the hope that he will have an opportunity of gaining information relating to its waters and its coast. Dr. Lynch is rather romantic, and he believes that the spot of which he is in quest is the connecting place between this and the unmentionable world below. He states that "no living thing is upon its shore, or above or beneath its surface;" that the waters are so pestiferous as to cause the death of all who approach them, and hence the reason that no previous researches have ended in authentic information being obtained. Valorous Dr. Lynch!

—Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson will deliver a course of lectures in town during the present and the following months.—A practical joke has been practised on the Leeds people by a Mr. George Jones. A series of performances were got up at the theatre, which were announced as a "Shakespeare Memorial Night," and under the superintendence of the "People's Central Committee." The sight-seers came out well; the theatre was offered gratuitously; and a considerable fund was the result. It has since been discovered that the "Memorial" has nought to do with the house at Stratford, nor with the committee who has purchased it, but is intended for some other object which has not been clearly described.—The *Commerce* has calculated that, during the last seventeen years, no less than 1,129 prosecutions had been directed against the French journals in the name of King Louis Philippe, who had inaugurated his accession to the throne by a formal promise that no prosecution should be in future instituted against the press. During that period fifty-seven journals were obliged to suspend their publication in consequence of the severity of the penalties. The writers were sentenced to 3,141 years and eight months imprisonment, and the journals to 7,110,500*l.* fine.—The *Athenaeum* says, that "Among the literary curiosities lately proposed for publication by the Camden Society is the Day-book of John Dorne, a foreign bookseller resident at Oxford—giving the prices, and often the printer, place, character, size, binding, and purchaser, of the books which he sold, day by day, during the year 1520. This unique contribution to biblio-



graphical history is preparing for the press by two distinguished scholars—Dr. Cotton, the Archdeacon of Cashel, and the Rev. John Wilson, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. The Society will produce it as soon as is consistent with the care and attention necessary to identify many of the "rare tomes" recorded by Master Dorne. We fancy that something very much more serviceable might be produced. The most that can be expected of Mr. Dorne's antiquated ledgers is, that they will wile an hour or two of some few members of the Antiquaries' Society.—The *Builder* informs us that a marble quarry has recently been opened in Maremma, about thirty-five miles from Leghorn. The quarry appears to have been worked in ancient times, possibly by the Etrurians; and some chisels and picks have been found there, which closely resemble those now in use. Mr. Powers, the American sculptor, thus speaks of it in a private letter: "I intend to make the statue of Mr. Calhoun out of this marble, and it will, perhaps, be the first full-sized statue made of it in two thousand years. I am now making a bust of Washington from this marble, somewhat larger than life, by way of an experiment. It is nearly blocked out, and I am satisfied already that the effect will be all that could be wished. It is singular that the owner of the quarry is a Greek, who has found the marble, supposed to be peculiar to his own country, here in Tuscany. He can afford this marble for less than one-half the price of Carrara, on account of the great ease and small expense of excavating and taking it to the sea shore. The marble has a rich warm colour, so desirable in statues and busts, and it is most beautiful in columns, mantel-pieces, and the like. The grain is coarse, like the Parian, but it works smoothly and takes a high polish."—The *Berlin Official Gazette* contains a notice issued by the criminal court of Magdeburg, to the effect that two translations of Bulwer's *Lucretia* (one by T. Oelker, the other by A. Kretschmann) have been declared piracies by that tribunal, and intimation given that all parties selling them may be prosecuted and punished, at the instance of Duncker and Humblot, of Berlin, the copartners exclusively entitled to publish a German translation of that work.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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To Professor Holloway. (Signed) ALDBOROUGH. These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 214, Strand (near Temple-bar), London; and of most respectable Vendors of Medicines throughout the civilised World, at the following prices—1s. 1½d. 2s. 9d. 4s. 6d. 11s. 2s. and 3s. each box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

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# DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

The Editor of *THE CRITIC*, Journal of Literature and Art, proposes to found a Decorative Art-Union, similar in its plan and purposes to the Pictorial Art-Union, but limiting itself to the promotion of Decorative Art.

The following is a Prospectus of the projected Society, subject to any modifications which may be deemed desirable previous to applying for the Charter of Incorporation:—

## PROSPECTUS.

The **Decorative Art-Union** to consist of an indefinite number of members to be incorporated by Royal Charter, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament relating to Art-Unions.

The Annual Subscription for a single share to be **Half-a-Guinea**. Subscribers of **One Guinea** to be entitled to Two SHARES, and to be presented with some work of Decorative Art.

The Affairs of the Society to be conducted by a Council elected by the Members.

The Funds of the Society to be applied as follows:—

The Council to determine on a certain number of objects of Decorative Art, and to offer liberal prizes to Artists for the best designs.

The Council will then contract with manufacturers for the production of the works according to the designs to which the prizes have been awarded. The Society will preserve the copyright of the designs, and when the number required by them for distribution as prizes are produced, the model is to be destroyed; the object of this arrangement being to assure the prizeholders of the Society that their prizes shall never fall in value by becoming common.

It will be an express condition that all designs and all works executed for and distributed by the Society shall be original.

The works of Decorative Art thus manufactured for the Society will be opened to public exhibition in London, with the names of the Artist and Manufacturer affixed to each.

After which they will be distributed among the Members of the Society by public drawing, precisely as is now done with the Art-Union.

## ADDRESS.

Such is an outline of the plan proposed to the public for approval and adoption. Its uses are obvious. It will give a vast stimulus to Decorative Art and thus confer an immense benefit on the manufactures and commerce of the country. It will encourage by suitable rewards the best artists to design and the ablest workmen to execute. It will encourage among the public a taste for art in decoration, which will have a constant tendency to advancement. A successful prizeholder will not be content with the one exquisite work of Decorative Art he obtains from the Society; it will become a standard of taste to which he will be anxious to adapt the rest of his furniture.

The works of Decorative Art proposed to be distributed by the Society are such as works in wood, in metal, in plastic materials; furniture, as well as mere ornaments; carvings, castings, mouldings, papers for rooms: glass in its various forms of beauty, metals gracefully shaped, surfaces exquisitely coloured. To name a few of the articles that occur on the moment:—In wood, carved cabinets, couches, chairs, book-cases, &c. In metal, plated centre-pieces, candelabra, urns, dishes, &c. And for the lesser prizes, beautifully formed grates, fenders, and so forth. In glass, chandeliers, lustres, and the multitudinous forms of this material. In stone, carvings of all kinds. In pottery, jugs, cups, dessert services, and such like. Of Ornaments, [whatever of the beautiful Fancy can devise. In brief, this Society will comprehend every form of Art not included in the design of its elder brother—painting, engraving, and sculpture.

It is believed also, that the objects of such a Society are likely to be universally attractive. Every person can appreciate and will desire to possess such works as the Society proposes to distribute, and which will combine utility with ornament. If the Art-Union, limited to painting and engraving, can boast of 14,000 subscribers, it is anticipated that the DECORATIVE ART-UNION, still more attractive and more practically useful, will obtain equal if not greater support.

It may be observed, also, that the DECORATIVE ART-UNION will be enabled to distribute very many more prizes than its contemporary, for its works of Art will not be so costly. It is proposed that the cost of the highest shall not exceed 100l. and of many, such, for instance, as those of Plastic Art, some three or four hundred copies may be made for little more than the cost of one, and then the mould may be destroyed, so that there may be few, if any, of the subscribers who will not obtain a work of Art which, though it cost but a small sum to the Society, will, in consequence of the limited number produced, have a higher intrinsic value than the whole of the subscription.

By the recent statute relating to Art-Unions it is enacted, that associations for the purchase of works of Art, to be distributed by chance to their Subscribers, shall obtain a Royal Charter of Incorporation.

It will therefore be necessary, before the proposed DECORATIVE ART-UNION can apply for a Charter, that it should have enrolled a sufficient number of subscribers to justify the application.

To obtain these is the object of the circulation of this preliminary Prospectus.

To afford to the public a guarantee that this application is *bonâ fide*, and as the best assurance of responsibility, the Editor of *THE CRITIC*, by whom the Society is planned and proposed, will give to its advancement the aid of the columns of that Journal, and the gratuitous assistance of its large establishment, until a sufficient number of Subscribers are promised to permit a formal organisation of the Society. For the present, therefore, all communications upon the subject are to be addressed to the Editor of *THE CRITIC*, at the Office, 344, Strand, London, where information will be given, and names of intended subscribers registered.

It is hoped that all who, on perusing this Prospectus, approve the design and are willing to support it, will forward their names and addresses as above, and the columns of *THE CRITIC* will, from week to week, gratuitously convey to them intelligence of the progress of the Society. It should be added that payment of the subscription will not be required until a sufficient list of subscribers is secured to justify the application to the Queen for the Charter of Incorporation; but as there will be some expenses, any portion of it that may be forwarded will be placed to the account of the subscriber as part payment.

TEMPORARY OFFICES OF THE DECORATIVE ART UNION, AT THE CRITIC OFFICE, 344, STRAND, LONDON.

Where Communications are to be addressed, and Subscribers' Names received.

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